ICAL ROOM
IBRARY
OF MICH.

The Ethics of War

JUL 30 1936

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

August—1936

•

G. K. C.

SOMETHING NEW IN UNIVERSITIES

ENJOYING ENGLAND'S INCONVENIENCES

NOT WOLVES — BUT SAINTS — IN CELLULOID

THERE WAS A MARRIAGE

Drama - Fiction - Verse - Books - Chronicle

VOL. CXLIII. - NO. 857 PRICE 40 CENTS

Catholic Unity League

Library List

of

7,500

Books and Pamphlets

A loan mail-order library for members of The Catholic Unity League. Books borrowed at cost of postage only.

•

Catalogue—30c the Copy

•

MEMBERSHIP

Active .....$1.00 a Year
Associate .....$1.00 a Year
Life $100.00

•

Address:

The Catholic Unity League

615 West 147th Street
New York City

Famous for Quality

7-20-4

R.G. SULLIVAN'S

CIGAR

Now 10c

Famous for Quality

Just Published!

Prayers Before and After Communion

By REV. J. I. MALLOY, C.S.P.

A vest-pocket book containing a selection of prayers, most of which are extracts from the Sacred Scriptures and other recognized spiritual authorities, or are official prayers of the Church.

Single Copy, 10c postpaid
$3.50 the 100, $30.00 the 1,000
Carriage extra

•

THE PAULIST PRESS
401 West 59th Street New York

VOL. CXLIII. AUGUST, 1936. NO. 857.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

Editorial Comment The Ethics of War		513
Peace (*Poem*)	*Edith Tatum*	521
G. K. C.	*Theodore Maynard*	522
Brady's Nights Off (*Story*)	*Elizabeth Jordan*	532
Saint Augustine	*Edward Ulback*	536
Fra Angelico (*Poem*)	*Eleanor Downing*	542
Catholic Literature: Pages from a Primer	*Jack Gibbons Morris*	544
In Praise of Amber	*Carol Coward*	553
Saint Patrick's Purgatory: Lough Derg	*Bryan M. O'Reilly*	559
Something New in Universities	*John Brown*	568
Tabb and Wordsworth	*Emile Kessler*	572
Potpourri	* * *	577
Enjoying England's Inconveniences	*Mary Sinton Leitch*	580
"There Was a Marriage" (*Story*)	*Carol Reynolds*	586
Regret (*Poem*)	*Marguerite Pace Corcoran*	589
Gadgets	*Alan Devoe*	590
The Fresh Eye	*D. R. Lock*	592
John Smith (*Story*)	*Edward F. Madaras, S.J.*	594
The Drama	*Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*	599
The Ball and the Cross: Language—A Medium	* * *	604

Nova et Vetera 608 Foreign Periodicals 613 Recent Events 618

Our Contributors 622 New Books 624

Published by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York.
Copyright, 1936, in the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York. All rights reserved.

Publication and Advertising Office—The Catholic World, 401 West 59th Street

Editorial Office—411 West 59th Street

TERMS: Single copy, 40 cents. Subscription rate for 1 year, Domestic, $4.00; Canadian, $4.50; Foreign, $5.00.

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

VACATION GUIDE

SUPERIOR CATHOLIC CAMPS

Rip Van Winkle for BOYS — **On-Ti-Ora** for GIRLS

IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

Beautifully located. One mile apart. Each camp a separate unit. Swimming, canoeing, field sports, tennis, riding, handicrafts. Modern equipment. Competent staff. Resident Chaplain.

A. M. COWHEY, *Director Rip Van Winkle*
JOSEPHINE COWHEY, *Director On-Ti-Ora*

730 Riverside Drive — New York, N. Y.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN, ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY

NOTICE

The St. Hilda Guild is now located at

147 EAST 47th STREET
New York, N. Y.

ELdorado 5-1058

INDISPENSABLE IN CONVERT WORK!

A Catechism for Inquirers

By REV. JOSEPH I. MALLOY, C.S.P.

Highly recommended by priests engaged in convert work is this presentation of Catholic doctrine. In the always popular and satisfactory question and answer style, the author has presented his facts in a manner calculated to overcome the inborn prejudices of the average inquirer.

15 cents, $10.00 the 100, carriage extra

THE PAULIST PRESS — New York

THE TABLET

has begun a new chapter in its long and eventful history. The traditional character of the paper is being maintained but there are a number of new features and it may now stand as an organ of Catholic opinion to the nation at large, wide in its interests, authoritative and unbiased.

Subscription rates: 3 months, 7/6. 6 months, 15/-. 12 months, 30/- (post-free). Obtainable through the usual agents or from the Publishers.

THE TABLET
39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4

A new book of decided value to students of current economic problems . . .

TOWARD SOCIAL JUSTICE

By Rev. R. A. McGowan

Assistant Director, Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference

A discussion and application of Pius XI's *Reconstructing the Social Order* with an appendix containing Excerpts from *A Statement on the Present Crisis* by the Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the N. C. W. C.

15c the copy, $10.00 the 100
(Carriage extra)

THE PAULIST PRESS
401 West 59th Street — New York, N. Y.

To Our Subscribers

We receive many requests for free copies of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. After you read your copy why not remail it to some one who cannot afford to subscribe? If interested communicate with our office and we will send you a name and address for this purpose.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD
401 West 59th Street — New York, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

AUGUST, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE ETHICS OF WAR

IN this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD last month mention was made of the possibility of a controversy about the morality of the recent Italo-Ethiopian War. References to that question in the Editorial Comment for May and June had exasperated some of our Italian friends. Amongst others a Right Reverend Monsignor wrote a letter of some 1,500 words and demanded that it be given a place of equal prominence with the Editorials in question. Upon reconsideration, however, he withdrew the request. So there will be no debate in these columns now or later. There have been other protests—plenty of them—but they were merely vituperative.

No Controversy

As a matter of fact all personal bickering is out of place in such a periodical as this. It will be more to the point, I imagine, and more befitting the intellectual needs of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to consider impersonally and academically the Catholic doctrine of the just and the unjust war.

Permit me, then, to call the roll of a few popes, theologians, moralists, and ask them to teach us the ethics of the matter in hand. I shall perhaps be sharply tempted again and again to point out the application of the general doctrine to the specific case and to moralize a little, but I shall overcome the temptation and permit readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the privilege of drawing their own conclusions. And, be it observed, it is more important that we Catholics should apply our ethical principles to wars that threaten rather than to those that are now a matter of history.

WE commence with the illustrious pope who will, I think, in the judgment of posterity, occupy a place as the apostle of peace comparable to that of Leo XIII. as the apostle of social justice. I refer to Benedict XV. who bore on his shoulders and in his heart the cross of the papacy during the World War. More than any other man who lived through the tragic years from 1914 to 1918 he felt the anguish, the madness, the infernal malice of warfare. In several encyclicals he called the World War "a terrible butchery," "a disgrace to Europe,"

The Horrors of War

"a horrible human shambles," "anti-Christian slaughter," "fratricide." Also the present Holy Father, who has consistently cried "Peace! Peace!," when all about him were crying "War! War!," declared in his Christmas Allocution of 1930 that any civilized State which contemplates war would be guilty of "monstrous homicide and almost certainly of suicide." The last clause in that sentence is a warning. Pray God it be not a prophecy. The Holy Father, not fearing to employ vigorous language declared in April, 1935: "We cannot convince ourselves that those who have the people's prosperity and well-being at heart should wish to hurl into the abyss, not only the nation confided to them, but the whole human race. If there should be anyone . . . who makes preparations for such a scourge, then we cannot withhold this prayer to the all-powerful God, 'Lord, scatter the nations which desire war.' It would be a crime so enormous, a manifestation of fury so mad, that we consider it absolutely impossible that nations could again take up arms against each other, shedding the blood of their brethren, spreading ruin and destruction by land and sea and air."

HOWEVER, the Pope does not deny that a just war is in theory possible. His judgment on that matter follows, as always, the body of Catholic doctrine as set forth in the works of the theologians. Amongst the greatest of these is St. Alfonso Liguori. That great saint and master theologian whom every student knows to be the authority *par excellence* on probabilism explains that the principle of probabilism does not apply where war is in question. "War," he says, "brings in its train so many evils and so much harm to religion, to innocent people, to the honor of women," etc., that in practice it is hardly ever just if declared on probable reasons of justice alone and *not certain reasons.*

Father Gigon, in his valuable little work *Ethics of Peace and War* amplifies the teaching of St. Alfonso: "A State cannot declare War on doubtful grounds or for a probable injustice. Much less can it declare War for 'a mere appearance or presumed suspicion,' as Hegel pretended.

The Need of Deliberation

. . . The political power must not only think, but it must know that it is doing the right thing; that is why those in authority are under the obligation of taking the greatest care when considering an act of War; they have to examine and ponder the reasons brought by the enemies, . . . it is their duty to seek advice from impartial judges, and even from the representatives of the Church, as the Right of War is not only a mere political problem, but a religious and moral one."

And Génicot, the author of a familiar textbook on Moral Theology (*Institutiones Theologicæ Morales*) says: "The opinion of many authors who think it is sufficient that the right of the party declaring war should be merely 'probable' or 'more probable,' is altogether to be rejected and condemned as intrinsically dangerous. For if there remains any doubt about the right, recourse must be had to the arbitration of other rulers and especially of the Roman Pontiff: *and if the other party rejects this arbitration altogether or is unwilling to*

submit to the judgment passed by the arbitrator, there will then be a certain right whereby it will be licit to declare war."

Francisco Suarez who wrote in the sixteenth century was one of those who believed that a *more probable opinion* of the justice of its case would warrant a nation's going to war, but St. Alfonso in the eighteenth century and Génicot in the nineteenth demand not probability or even a greater probability, but moral certainty, and such is the doctrine that now prevails amongst Catholic moralists.

In support of the opinion that the question of the justice of a contemplated war must be submitted to impartial judges and "even to the Church," Father Gigon refers to Francisco de Vittoria, the famous Italian moralist of the sixteenth century whose works *De Indis* and *De Jure Belli* are by way of being classics on the subject. Vittoria, an unquestioned authority on the Law of Nations, was personally invited by Paul IV. to the Council of Trent.

In his treatise *De Potestate Civili*, some 350 years before the formation of the League of Nations he insisted that no one nation has the right to defy the fundamental *Jus Gentium* since, he says, the whole world forms as it were "one republic which has the power of passing laws fair and applicable to all."

And of Certainty

I AM no champion of the League, as all consistent readers of these pages must have noticed. I have made many criticisms of the League in recent years. I have rejoiced that my own country was not dragged into the diplomatic *mêlée* at Geneva. None the less as a Catholic I recognize, and I feel certain that every Catholic must recognize, that a League — some League — is a necessary vehicle for the interpretation and application of the fundamental law of nations. In 1369, to go pretty far back, Pope Urban V. wrote a Bull in which he appealed to all Christian princes, saying, "Desist from war; if you believe yourselves to have a just cause, pursue it by the way of justice before a competent judge or else consent to submit it to the arbitration of mutual friends." From that time on, virtually every occupant of the See of Peter has called upon the nations to arbitrate rather than fight. In recent years *all* the popes have spoken in favor of some sort of League of Nations, and have commended and blessed several projects to bring about International Conciliation.

A League if Not *the* League

On June 11, 1911, His Holiness, Pope Pius X., wrote to the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, on the occasion of the foundation of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: "To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace, is, indeed, most praiseworthy, and any effort in this cause, even though it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests, nevertheless, a zeal which cannot but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the State. . . . Wherefore We most heartily commend the work already begun, which should be approved by all good men, and We most gladly lend the weight of Our authority to those

who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose."

In the Encyclical of November 1, 1914, *Ad Beatissimi*, Benedict XV. wrote, "Surely there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified. Let them be tried honestly and with good will, and let arms meanwhile be laid aside."

And again, on August 1, 1917, he who was in one sense the War Pope but in a truer sense the Peace Pope, untiring in his efforts even though all the rest of the world was despondently silent, wrote—and this utterance is most specific and most insistent: "First of all, the fundamental point must be that the moral force of Right shall be substituted for the material force of Arms: thence must follow a just agreement of all for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments; next for the setting up in the place of armies of a Court of Arbitration with its high peace-making function, subject to regulations to be agreed on and sanctions to be determined against the State which should refuse either to submit its international disputes to arbitration or to accept an arbitral decision."

Arbitration and Sanctions!

So, we might continue for page after page quoting the popes in favor of an international tribunal to take the place of resort to arms. But these instances will suffice to demonstrate the best Catholic thought and the most authentic Catholic doctrine.

THE opinion once held to be socialistic but now admitted in almost all schools, that the dominant factor in the making of war is the economic factor, and that in consequence statesmen should aim at an economic as well as political internationalism, has not been neglected by the popes or by Catholic economists. His Holiness Pius XI. in that superlative statement of the economic and social problems that now torture the world, *Quadragesimo Anno*, has said, "It behooves the different nations who are so closely linked to one another by solidarity and interdependence, to pool their thoughts and their efforts in order to hasten, by means of wisely framed treaties and institutions, the advent of a happy and beneficent state of international, economic collaboration."

And Father Nell Breuning, S.J., the famous economist and moralist expatiates upon the papal utterance: "The relation of the State to the Society of Nations is very similar to that which exists between a national economy and the world economy. . . . Entirely in harmony with the principles of Christian social philosophy, the League of Nations is not a super-State but truly a society of States for the purpose of collaborating in concord to promote progress. Consequently the economic activity of the League of Nations is not directed toward the fusion of national economies in a single world economy but—to use the very words of the Pope—to establish a beneficent and happy collaboration between nations in the economic sphere, that is to say collaboration between divers national economies." . . .

PARTLY in response to the call of three or four successive popes, and partly—be it said in all justice—to the noble aspirations of citizens of many lands and of statesmen from different nations, a League

was established, and in the course of time more than fifty nations were banded together as an international society. They bound themselves on honor to observe the rules of the organization and to abide by its judgments. Later Brazil, Germany, Japan and Spain withdrew, dissatisfied, but no other leading power has either withdrawn or officially indicated its intention to withdraw.

The *De Facto* Society

ARTICLE 12 of the Covenant of the League reads: "The Members of the League agree that, if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or judicial settlement or to inquiry by the Council." And Article 13: "The Members of the League agree that they will carry out in full good faith any award or decision that may be rendered, and that they will not resort to war against any Member of the League that complies therewith."

To all of which, be it observed, and to some seven or eight other similar pacts composed independently of the Covenant and of the League, all the great powers and most of the smaller nations of Europe and of South America subscribed.

To take one document among the many in which the nations agreed to renounce war as an instrument of policy: the first Article of the Pact of Paris declares with perfect clarity: "The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare, in the names of their high respective peoples, that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another. The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

"The High Contracting Parties . . . Agree"

AS for the moral obligation of observing the terms of a treaty, a pact or a covenant, Catholic ethics leaves no possibility of argument. Certain exponents of what is called practical "realism" may speak of a treaty contemptuously, as here in America it is the custom to ignore or to discount political platforms and preëlection promises. But no Catholic can condone such cynicism. The famous statement of von Bethmann Hollweg about "the scrap of paper," came back to plague him when Germany tried during the War to persuade the Holy See that Belgium had not been genuinely neutral. Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to Benedict XV., explained that the Holy Father did not consider himself obliged to enter into an investigation of the historical fact, once the German chancellor had admitted the violation of neutrality and hence of justice. In Catholic theology an oath is an oath and to break an oath is a crime before God. The Machiavellian and Hegelian principle that the breaking of an oath from a motive of patriotism is legitimate and praiseworthy, is the 64th of the "modern errors" condemned by Pope Pius IX. in the Syllabus of 1864.

The Sanctity of an Oath

EVEN if there were no actual pacts and covenants and treaties, the law of nations still is valid. The Fribourg Congress of 1931 drew up its conclusions on the Catholic ethics of war in a document signed by seven of the best known moralists within the Church. Speaking for all the members they say: "A war declared by a State on its own authority without previous recourse to the international institutions which exist cannot be a lawful social process. It would be repugnant to the dictates both of public law and of conscience, for at the start it would involve a violation of that general or legal justice which requires that the State should not only not offend the rights of other peoples which are equal to its own, but should also subordinate its own national end to the more general end of international society."

The French Jesuit Father Valensin and the Dominican professor of International Law at the Catholic University of Lille write in collaboration: "We must consider as the aggressor the State which, being under an obligation to submit its difference with another to a procedure of conciliation, arbitration or judicial settlement, declares war in violation of its engagements or resorts to arms rather than conform to an obligatory sentence."

Is Ethical War Impossible?

EVEN after war is in progress, it is required by Catholic ethics, dating specifically from St. Thomas Aquinas, that "*nothing must be done contrary to the spirit of justice and love.*" If anyone shall say that such a requirement is idealistic and in modern days impossible, so be it. Father Stratmann, the renowned Dominican who has made a life study of these matters, does come to such a conclusion in his volume *The Church and War*, and he has been called "pacifist" in consequence. But it is one thing to call names and quite another to escape the logical consequences of a principle laid down by St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez.

The True Last Court

PUTTING aside all the preceding arguments in favor of the erection of an international tribunal, there still remains for all good Catholics, the advisability — shall we say the necessity—that a Catholic power should submit its case to the Holy See for arbitration or adjudication before taking the first step that leads to war. Pope Pius XI. in his allocution for Christmas, 1930, says with perfect right and with unmistakable significance: "The glory and the duty of the Apostolate of Peace belongs principally to Us." John Eppstein in a splendid work of more than 513 pages, *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*, upon which I have largely relied and to which I hope I may send every reader of these fragments, utters the sentiment: "It is certainly a matter of regret to thoughtful Catholics as a whole, and not to them only, that the arbitral and mediatory offices of the one Power which is dependent upon no Government and has by its very nature and purpose an equal care for the rights and susceptibilities of all nations, should not have been integrated in the new international system for the prevention of war."

And he adds in a note: "States Members of the League of Nations would, however, fulfil their

general obligation under Article 12 of the Covenant by referring a dispute between them to the arbitrament of the Pope; and the freedom of the Holy Father to exercise his duties as a peacemaker is safeguarded even *vis-à-vis* the Italian Government by Article 24 of the Lateran Treaty."

As a matter of historical fact, Pope Pius IX. offered to mediate between Russia and France with a view to preventing the War of 1870. His note, in the light of what was to happen—the total loss of his kingdom and the theft of his little territory two months later—seems especially poignant. He wrote to King Wilhelm I.:

"Your Majesty,

"In the grave circumstances in which we find ourselves, it will perhaps appear to you unusual to receive a letter from me; but, Vicar on Earth of the God of Peace, I cannot do less than offer you my mediation. My desire is to see the preparations for war disappear and to prevent the evils which are the inevitable consequence thereof. My mediation is that of a Sovereign who, in his capacity of King, cannot, by reason of the smallness of his territory, excite any jealousy, but who, nevertheless, will inspire confidence by the moral and religious influence which he personifies.

Papal Mediation

"May God hear my desires and fulfil those wishes which I form for Your Majesty to whom I desire to be united in the bonds of the same Charity.

"At the Vatican, July 22, 1870.

"P. S.—I have also written to His Majesty, the Emperor of the French."

The Pope was compelled, dealing with a Protestant king, to take the initiative. But should not all Catholic powers avail themselves spontaneously of the privilege of asking the Holy Father to sit in judgment upon the liceity of a war which they contemplate? If as they usually claim, the war is so obviously necessary that no honest person could deny it, the decision will be in their favor. But whether the Pope decide for or against them, he will decide justly.

The popes have not once but often been mediators and with happy results. In the second appendix to Eppstein's great work there is a summary from Müller, of such cases in the last 300 years.[1] Amongst others Prince Bismarck in 1865 appealed to Leo XIII. to settle a dispute between Germany and Spain. In 1894 Venezuela asked the Holy Father to settle its dispute with England. In 1898 von Bülow the German foreign minister proposed that Pope Leo XIII. be invited to mediate between the United States and Spain. And so on: there are dozens of cases. If therefore a statesman distrusts the League of Nations, even though his country still holds membership in it, there remains the pope—always the pope remains, league or no league—and it would seem but natural and dutiful that we Catholics submit to him any question bearing upon the ethics of war. For the Holy Father is, as all must recognize, an incorruptible judge, and as all Catholics know, the ultimate authority in morals private and public, personal, national and international.

1 Scholars will be happy to know that the documents concerning these "pacific interventions" of the Holy See are soon to be published under the auspices of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

FINALLY, a student of this complicated question of the just war must not ignore the problem of the rights of backward races. For they have rights. It is no more lawful to rob them of their possessions or of their territory than to rob one's equals. Vittoria expounding a passage of Aristotle, says: "It is clear that he does not mean that such persons (those of strong intelligence) can arrogate to themselves a sway over others in virtue of their superior wisdom, but that nature has given them a capacity for government. Accordingly, he adds, even if we admit that the aborigines in question are as inept and stupid as is alleged, still dominion cannot be denied them, nor are they to be classed with the slaves of the civil law."

The long splendid fight of the great Bartolomeo de las Casas in defense of the aborigines of America is known to all. He had no better weapon for the fight than the Bull of Paul III. *Sublimis Deus* in which appears the fundamental principle: "The Indians or any other people who may be hereafter discovered by Catholics, although they be not Christians, must in no way be deprived of their liberty or their possessions. On the contrary, they may and must be allowed to enjoy freely and lawfully that liberty and those possessions."

If, as may well be the case, barbarians or savages must be repressed and even punished because of their marauding habits (though in truth the marauding is often but retaliation for injuries inflicted upon them) it does not follow that they are to be totally deprived of their possessions. From St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century down to the latest theologian or moralist all are agreed that the punishment must fit the crime. Neither a man nor a nation must be exorbitantly punished. That would not accord with the principle of St. Thomas that all should be done "in justice and love."

SEEKING amongst a thousand appropriate texts for one with which to close this summary I find none more deeply philosophical or more beautifully expressed than that of Fénelon: "To love everything according to the dignity of its nature is the universal, eternal, immutable law of all intelligence; and it is from this law that flow all other laws and virtues, whether divine or human, whether civil or moral. In consequence of this we are obliged to think more immediately of conserving our own life than that of any other of our fellow beings, we owe more to our own family than to a strange family, we owe more to our fatherland in which we have been taught, reared and protected during our childhood than to any other society that we have seen. All things considered we are under a greater obligation to the person who has been immediately committed to our care by Nature or Providence than to the person with whom we have no connection.

"But when it comes to comparing the particular good with the general good, the latter must always be preferred. One is not permitted to preserve oneself from harm while ruining one's family, nor to aggrandize one's family by violating the rights of humanity. It is on this principle that is founded what is called the Right of Peoples and the Law of Nations."

PEACE

By Edith Tatum

THE east grows luminous with a new day.
The Gulf lies calm, with scarce a rippling wave.
Above, the sky broods, fathomless, serene,
With naught to mar its heavenly blue save
Thin scarves of misty cloud tinted with rose.
No faintest breath of wind stirs sea or cloud.
Night owls have fled into the hidden deeps
Of nearby woods. The noisy crows are cowed
By Nature's mystic quiet hour. The dew
Seems tears in mourning shed, for bodies young
And strong with life, wasted in war's fierce game.
I know that songs of hate could not be sung
By souls which have absorbed this loveliness.
They would forever seek and find release
From ugliness and greed, and voices blend
With those in spirit-land: *"Let us have peace!"*

G. K. C.

By Theodore Maynard

ON the morning of June 14th there came the news of the sudden death of Gilbert Chesterton. Everywhere it is recognized that the world has lost a very great writer and a very lovable man. To Catholics the loss is beyond calculation, for though in Claudel, Belloc, Sigrid Undset, Maritain, and Karl Adam we still have writers of a high order, Chesterton was given a hearing in circles that ignored our other apologists. He had invented a new method of controversy that was too amusing to be left unread.

His joviality and humor, like the kindness and simplicity of his character, endeared him to all who were privileged to know him. Famous though he was, he seems to have had no enemies; his reputation, being of a unique sort, aroused no envy. Despite the scores of controversies in which he engaged, and in which he never hesitated to strike hard, none of his opponents left the fight embittered. They all saw that there was no personal rancor in the matter. Just as the memory of Dr. Johnson sweetens for us the whole of the eighteenth century, thousands of people, including many of beliefs very different from his, feel as I do that Chesterton was the most representative Englishman of his time. To wear my heart on my sleeve a moment, I confess that I believe a saint has gone from us.

He was born at Campden Hill, a suburb of London, in 1874, where his father conducted a well-known real estate firm. This fact would convey more in England than it could to anybody in America; it means that G. K. C. was of the prosperous middle class.

After attending St. Paul's School —of which he and Milton are the most illustrious alumni—he studied for a time at the Slade Art School. But though he developed a style of draftsmanship as individual as his style of writing, he soon realized that he was not sufficiently interested in the matter to endure the technical labors involved. Nevertheless throughout his life he amused himself by drawing caricatures, and he has illustrated several of his own and Hilaire Belloc's books. Some of these drawings were astonishingly brilliant; others rather bad. But good or bad, there was no possibility of mistaking the style in which they were executed for that of any one else.

I think it must have been while he was still at the Slade School, attending at the same time King's College of London University, that he began to write. It took the form of art criticism, but the criticism became more and more an excuse for the exposition of his own ideas on everything under the sun. He had long been writing poetry, some of it of a humorous character (and this was gathered into his *Greybeards at Play*); but the best was at once wildly fantastic and desperately serious. The poetry in this vein was afterwards collected in *The Wild Knight*.

A public crisis brought Chesterton to the fore. Mr. J. L. Hammond was editing the *Speaker*, and

he gathered around him a group of extremely gifted young men. They were Liberals, but too independent in mind to be attached very closely to any political party. The main object of their attack was the Boer War, not because they had any objection to war as such, but because they saw quite clearly that this particular war was in the nature of a dishonest business transaction. They said very plainly what they thought of the matter, and they said it with biting wit. Chesterton's lifelong friendship with Belloc began at this time. As a sample of Chesterton's verse at this stage of his development, and as an expression of his view of the Boer War, I quote the sestet of his sonnet "Africa":

"Leave them the gold that worked and whined for it,
Let them that have no nation anywhere
Be native here, and fat and full of bread;
But we, whose sins were human, we will quit
The land of blood, and leave these vultures there,
Noiselessly happy, feeding on the dead."

His verse later became vastly better, but his opinions on this point never changed. He was perhaps the most prominent critic of the whole concept of imperialism, simply because he was so strongly convinced that nationality (not nationalism—the modern heresy—a very different thing) gave charm and beauty to the world.

It is worth pausing a moment on this point, which has never been sufficiently stressed in criticisms of Chesterton's work. In all likelihood he was somewhat unfair to Kipling in charging him, not with having an excess of patriotism, but with an absolute lack of it—though perhaps it was only by being so forthright that he could make his own doctrine sufficiently clear; but the objection itself was very much to his credit. This reposed on something much deeper than a mere sentimental liking for small nations, or even on a wish to foster the frenchness of the French, the dutchness of the Dutch. It went deeper than a perception that the imperialistic process (by which weak peoples are absorbed by the strong, on the plea that such absorption is good for them, that it will make them civilized and perhaps even efficient) is really only a mode of industrial exploitation in disguise. Such objections are, it need hardly be said, perfectly valid, and they were, indeed, urged by Chesterton. But the core of his hatred of imperialism is that it reposes on pride. He saw that it is as damnable in a nation to be proud as for a man to be proud. He would have been the first to admit that there is such a thing as legitimate pride; a nation should be as proud of its poets as a father is proud of his children. But it is as horrible for a nation to be proud of its territories as for a man to be proud of his moneybags. It was precisely such pride that he saw endangering England. He openly acknowledged that he was a "little Englander." As he wrote in *Tremendous Trifles*: "The British Empire may annex what it likes, it will never annex England. It has not even discovered the island, let alone conquered it." England will always be great so long as she is English. Or, to put it in the briefest possible terms, England will

always be great so long as she is capable of producing a man like Chesterton. He expressed his objection to nationalistic pride through the mouth of Alfred the Great in his *Ballad of the White Horse*:

"Asia and all imperial plains
Are too little for a fool;
But for a man with eyes to see
This little island of Athelney
Is too vast a realm to rule."

Unpopular as the so-called "Pro-Boers" made themselves, they were at least respected for their pluck. In their hearts most Englishmen of that time were beginning to be somewhat ashamed of themselves, as they showed when the election of 1906 occurred. Their attitude of "My country, right or wrong" (this sentiment, it should be remembered, was first uttered by an American) was, as Chesterton pointed out, about as logical as saying, "My mother, drunk or sober." Though the men who wrote for the *Speaker* showed a good deal of courage, none of them, as events turned out, lost anything in public estimation because of their attitude. Two of them, Belloc and Chesterton, were catapulted into fame. Editors were dazzled by their conversation, charmed by their persons, and entranced by their literary style.

In the case of Chesterton they perceived that an entirely new style had come into English literature. As his brother put it in his anonymous *G. K. C.: a Criticism*, "he wanted to give every word a sword and a feather." The editors probably wondered how long their young contributor would be able to keep it up; but so long as the fireworks lasted they wanted to employ his meteoric gift. Chesterton was given a contract to write a weekly article for the *Daily News*, and a little later to write another weekly article for the *Illustrated London News*. The fact that he retained the second of these positions until the time of his death is sufficient witness to the unparalleled fecundity of the man.

He could have retained his position on the *Daily News* also had he cared to do so. For Mr. George Cadbury, who was then the proprietor, like A. G. Gardiner, who was then the editor, fully appreciated his value. Did not the *Daily News* double its circulation every Saturday, when G. K. C.'s article appeared? Therefore, though Chesterton's articles more often than not advanced ideas diametrically opposite to the policy of the paper, no constraint was ever put upon him. "What," said Mr. Cadbury to him one day, "what, Mr. Chesterton, is the inspiration of—ah—your little articles?" "Beer," said Chesterton. Cadbury winced a little at this, for he was a fanatical teetotaler. "But suppose, Mr. Chesterton, that such an inspiration failed? What then?" "Then I should drink some more beer." I think it is only fair to Cadbury and Gardiner to say that they soon came to admire and love their star journalist, and that they (or at any rate Gardiner) had a disinterested delight in ideas, even if these did not coincide with his own views. When the end came to Chesterton's association with them, it came because Chesterton felt he could no longer write for a paper that advocated the Compulsory Insurance Act of which he so strongly disapproved.

It might be added that for his *Daily News* articles Chesterton was paid three pounds apiece — unless

towards the end the paper gave him a little more. He was always too modest to think that he should receive a higher rate than other journalists, and he was always a singularly poor man of business. I remember Mrs. Chesterton once telling me that her husband, after outlining a book he proposed to write, was asked by his publisher, "Well, what advance do you think you should get?" "Oh, tuppence ha'-penny, I suppose," was the answer.

The new literary style was a sensational success. Everywhere young people by thousands read a writer who showed a virtuosity of so dazzling a kind. Most of them did not understand what he was driving at, and thought of G. K. C. as a maker of glittering epigrams and topsy-turvy paradoxes; but they were intoxicated by his way of writing. For a long time he was regarded as a second Oscar Wilde, refulgent but, of course, quite irresponsible. The style was all they wanted. They had not yet come to take his ideas seriously.

It is by his style that Chesterton will live, for nothing endures except style. And if the objection is made, "But what of the subject matter? What about the thought?" I can only answer that the thought is style too, for it is impossible to think well except with style.

At the present moment, however, it is fashionable to condemn Chesterton for his style. Because people have grown familiar with all its marks, they have (excusably enough, perhaps) grown tired of it. But mere familiarity with an excellent thing should not drive us into denying the excellence. It would be perfectly natural for a man to say, "I have eaten steak so often recently, that I rather fancy sweetbreads for dinner tonight." It would be perfectly natural for a man to say, "I've read so much of Chesterton in the past year that I now feel inclined for a little Gissing." But it would be a mistake for anybody to set up a standard which excluded steak—or Chesterton.

That is about all, I suspect, that the present reaction amounts to. The style is there, as brilliant, as individual, as vigorous as ever; and if we give it a rest it will regain its freshness. For while plenty of writers have style, how few of them have a style of their own. Let us number these (we can do it almost on our fingers): there are Bacon, Browne, Donne, Dryden in the seventeenth century; Swift and Johnson—hardly anybody else in the eighteenth century, except Gibbon and Burke. In the nineteenth century we have De Quincey, Carlyle, Macaulay, Cobbett (with some reservations), and Dickens—if only in spots. To these should be added three American names — those of Emerson, Melville, and Henry James. In recent years we have had Conrad and Alice Meynell and Chesterton. I am not saying that these are our only good prose writers, or that these are even our best prose writers. No doubt Addison and Landor and Newman and Max Beerbohm are better examples of a "pure" style than some of those I have named, and I heartily agree that they are more safely to be taken as models than are any of the great individualists. But I do emphatically assert that the individualists, because of the pungent flavor of their style, will always be read, whereas the noble impersonality of writers of the other type

works, at any rate to some extent, to their ultimate disadvantage.

Chesterton had two main modes, though he often tended to fuse the two into one; he could be fantastically humorous, piling hyperbole on hyperbole, absurdity on absurdity; or he could write with a grave and passionate eloquence. From *Heretics* I take a passage in the first mode; from *The Everlasting Man* a passage illustrating his second:

"The learned man will say, for instance, 'The natives of Mumbo-jumbo Land believe that the dead man can eat, and will require food upon his journey to the other world. This is attested by the fact that they place food in the grave, and that any family not complying with this rite is the object of the anger of the priests and of the tribe.' To any one acquainted with humanity this way of talking is topsy-turvy. It is like saying, 'The English in the twentieth century believed that a dead man could smell. This is attested by the fact that they always covered his grave with lilies, violets, or other flowers. Some priestly and tribal terrors were evidently attached to the neglect of this action, as we have records of several old ladies who were much disturbed in mind because their wreaths had not arrived in time for the funeral.' It may be of course that savages put food with a dead man because they think a dead man can eat, or weapons with a dead man because they think a dead man can fight. But personally I do not believe that they think anything of the kind. I believe they put food or weapons on the dead for the same reason that we put flowers, because it is an exceedingly natural and obvious thing to do."

The second quotation follows:

"Every attempt to amplify that story has diminished it. The task has been attempted by many men of real genius and eloquence as well as by only too many vulgar sentimentalists and self-conscious rhetoricians. The tale has been retold with patronising pathos by elegant sceptics and with fluent enthusiasm by boisterous best-sellers. It will not be retold here. The grinding power of the plain words of the Gospel story is like the power of mill-stones; and those who can read them simply enough will feel as if rocks had been rolled upon them. Criticism is only words about words; and of what use are words about such words as these? What is the use of word-painting about the dark garden suddenly filled with torch-light and furious faces? 'Are you come out with swords and staves as against a robber? All day I sat in your temple teaching and you took me not?' Can anything be added to the massive and gathered restraint of that irony; like a great wave lifted to the sky and refusing to fall? 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves and for your children.' As the High Priest asked what further need he had of witnesses, we might well ask what further need we have of words. Peter in a panic repudiated him: 'and immediately the cock crew; and Jesus looked upon Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly.' Has anyone any further remarks to offer? Just before the murder he prayed for all the murderous race of men, saying, 'They know not what they do'; is there anything to say to that, except that we know as little what we say? Is there any need to repeat and spin

out the story of how the tragedy trailed up the Via Dolorosa and how they threw him in haphazard with two thieves in one of the ordinary batches of execution; and how in all that horror and howling wilderness of desertion one voice spoke in homage, a startling voice from the very last place where it was looked for, the gibbet of the criminal; and he said to this nameless ruffian, 'This night shalt thou be with me in Paradise'? Is there anything to put after that but a full stop? Or is anyone prepared to answer adequately that farewell gesture to all flesh which created for his Mother a new Son?"

The style of Chesterton was perfectly natural to him. He talked in the same way, though of course his conversation was in the style of the first and not of the second of the passages cited here. For this reason I could never read one of his books without catching the very tone of his voice, or without hearing his chuckle. As a matter of fact all of his later books were dictated to a secretary, and may be regarded as extracts from his interminable talk. And in the days when he was leading a Bohemian life in Fleet Street, his articles, if we are to believe all the stories that still circulate among journalists in London, were dictated at the last minute in a typing agency in Victoria Street (while the taxi waited outside); and according to some legends they were sometimes even dictated over the telephone to the office of the *Daily News*.

The method of composition was unusual. Of that the public knew nothing. They understood of course that Chesterton's fertility was astonishing. But what really captivated them was his style. It is beyond imitation. Even Max Beerbohm in his *Christmas Garland* could not quite manage the trick. In fact the only person who has been able to imitate it was Chesterton himself. When he was tired, or when he was hard put to find a subject (neither of these cases often occurred) he could still pour forth a stream of words in Chestertonese. Could it be otherwise with a writer who was, though a man of letters, still more a journalist? Sainte-Beuve used to say that he sometimes felt like going out and pulling up the paving-stones with his nails to find something to write about. If that never happened with Chesterton, there were obviously times when he had to manufacture a subject.

The reason of his being able to keep going as so prolific a purveyor of ideas was that he had deeps to his imagination and, still more, that he had definite convictions. The case of Chesterton was altogether different from most of the people who have settled beliefs; where they stumbled and fumbled, he was always lucidly articulate, always able to summon up a wealth of allusion and illustration, always magnificently in command.

As time went on even the stupidest of those who read him or heard him speak began to recognize that he was no mere fantastic, or "funny man," or intellectual contortionist. His book on Dickens gave an inkling of his positive position, as his *Heretics* (which appeared about the same time) showed plainly what were the ideas to which he was specially opposed. With *Orthodoxy* (1908) everything should have been clear, had not a large number of fatuous fools supposed that Ches-

terton was defending the Christian religion for the mere pleasure of showing that he was dexterous enough to defend the indefensible. By calling the book "Paradoxy" they flattered themselves that they were almost as clever as Chesterton himself.

At this point I must introduce a personal note. I was not yet eighteen when *Orthodoxy* appeared, but I had been reading Chesterton's articles for several years, exulting in their brilliance, warmed by their geniality, astonished by their humor. All the same, I had not yet quite caught the fact that there was a definite Chestertonian doctrine. *Orthodoxy* took me by storm. If four years later I entered the Catholic Church it was mainly due to my reading this book until I knew it almost by heart. It still seems to me, all considered, the greatest thing he ever wrote, though there are passages in *The Everlasting Man* (1925) that perhaps reach a loftier height than anything in *Orthodoxy*. By then Chesterton himself had become a Catholic.

How this came about has already been partially told us by Chesterton himself, and probably will be dealt with more fully in his forthcoming Autobiography. It is, however, possible to see how, from the time of his first book, his course was already directed towards Catholicism. Writing largely by way of reaction against the "Decadents," he tried to be a healthy and hearty and innocent pagan. His innocence was in nothing more obvious than the fact that he supposed that pagans were all very jolly people, and that Christians were all either ascetics or Puritans. That slight misapprehension was soon corrected.

But what he found was something he never expected to find; it was that if a man was to enjoy the world in fine, frank fashion, he could do so only by being astonished by it. The *nil admirari* of Horace was, of course, only the stoicism towards which the nobler minds among pagans always tend. What Chesterton wanted was the precise opposite.

The next stage was when he discovered that the nerve of wonder could be kept alive only by humility—a discovery he was afterwards to expound in the fantastic parable of *Man Alive*. In other words, he had stumbled upon the wildest and truest of all the Chestertonian paradoxes: that if he was to remain a pagan he had to become a Christian. As he made King Alfred say in *The Ballad of the White Horse*,

". . . it is only Christian men
Guard even heathen things."

Pan it was who led Chesterton to Christ.

In *Orthodoxy* he explains, "When I fancied that I stood alone I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom. It may be, Heaven forgive me, that I did try to be original; but I only succeeded in inventing all by myself an inferior copy of the existing traditions of civilized religion . . . I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodoxy."

It is an amusing fact to record that he was received by the priest whom he had depicted as "Father Brown." This was Canon John O'Connor who, though an extremely vivacious Irishman, is, so I am told, in all other respects identical with the lumpish, East-Anglian

"Father Brown," from his dumpling face to his ungainly shoes and the umbrella.

Cecil Chesterton, Gilbert's brother, had become a Catholic about 1912. He was a man almost wholly compounded of logic, and he used to say that he hoped his brother would never become a Catholic—because by doing so he would destroy his influence. It was a good argument—if one could consider men as disembodied intellects, if life were nothing but a game of chess. I believe that G. K. C. did lose a large part of his following by entering the Catholic Church. It is possible that he knew this would happen, for with all his unpracticality he had plenty of shrewdness and common sense. If so, he would have dismissed such a consideration as unworthy of a moment's thought. Had he failed to become a Catholic—we can now put it bluntly—Gilbert Chesterton's sincerity would have always been open to question.

This mention of Cecil impels me to add a note on him that may serve to elucidate Gilbert. He was as clever as his brother (though without genius), and, just because he lacked his brother's fertile imagination, he kept a clearer track and was even more lucid than Gilbert. But Gilbert, if I may put it this way, was Cecil on a large scale. With all his boundless kindness and good-fellowship and sweetness of disposition, G. K. C. was — how shall I phrase it? what I am going to say will seem a contradiction of everything else that I have said—well, he was somewhat lacking in humanity. It seems an absurd thing to suggest. Here was a man six foot two in height, weighing about three hundred pounds, a man who took an evident pleasure in all the good things of the world, the man (I suppose) most deeply loved of all the men of his time. How could he, of all men, be deficient in humanity?

What I mean is that he seemed to be untouched by the trials and temptations of human life. He was almost of another species. It is not very hard to think of him as a cherub. I remember once talking about him to a young Catholic woman who knew him well, and when I said that I venerated his sanctity, she made the pertinent remark, "Yes, but it is no difficulty for him to be good." She went on to compare him with another well-known man of our acquaintance, in whose case the practice of virtue was a genuine problem. "Now he," she said, "deserves much more credit than Chesterton." There is something in that. I have never known anybody more *anima naturaliter Christiana* than Chesterton; but this very fact set him apart from struggling and suffering humanity.

No man got through life more easily than he. So far as I know he never had any personal sorrows, except the deaths of his parents and his friends. He had not been obliged to endure poverty, or frustration, or disappointment. Fame and fortune came to him in his twenties—things he never valued but which he might have had to struggle for. He had enormous vitality and abundant health. One cannot think of a writer who was more the darling of the fates than he. And to make it all the better he was devoid of ambition; though getting so much, he asked so little.

It resulted in his never having any idea of what ordinary mortals pass through. He was so overflowing with generosity that any bro-

ken-down journalist hack could touch him for a "fiver." His tips to his taxi drivers are proverbial in London. He knew that one could hardly throw a penny without hitting a poor man—so he threw half-crowns. But he had no real notion of what kind of life people live.

Yet this was not altogether due to his early achievement of prosperity. It was something that I noticed in Cecil as well as Gilbert Chesterton; therefore I conclude that it was part of the Chestertonian make-up. They gathered their ideas about the poor from the men they talked to in pubs.

The only reason I make this complaint (such as it is) is that the note of pathos is lacking in Chesterton's work. He poured out novels, plays, essays, poems, and polemical works. In none of them is there much that suggests Vergil's famous line:

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

On the contrary, the tears of things are conspicuously absent. Nobody relished more than myself the joviality and gusto of Chesterton. These alone, since they were expressed with such wisdom and wit, and in a literary style of such loveliness, are quite sufficient to establish his literary fame forever. But I have always wished for something more. In Chesterton we get incomparably adroit dialectics, passages of eloquence that are fit to be compared with anything in our literature, some of the most vigorous poetry; but hardly ever do we get from him the sense that his heart had been wrung.

One such passage, however, occurs to me, and I will set it down here; it comes out of his poem "The Wife of Flanders":

"What is the price of that red spark
that caught me
From a kind farm that never
had a name?
What is the price of that dead man
they brought me?
For other dead men do not look
the same."

If there had been many more things in Chesterton like the last of those lines, I would not be grumbling (perhaps unreasonably) that he was not somebody else. What we may bemoan with greater reasonableness is that we shall never get another Chesterton.

Having said as much as this, I must admit that his championship of the poor was unfailing. His love of justice made him first a Socialist and afterwards a "Distributist." His indignation against capitalist exploitation remained always at white heat. And with his love of justice went a love of liberty, so that he was the opponent of the well-intentioned humanitarianism that would—for their own benefit, of course—regiment the poor. He was willing—though all the cold-blooded sociologists wailed over it—to have them preserve their own *mores*. The pub, therefore, became for him a kind of citadel of liberty. These twin ideas he never tired of preaching as editor of the *New Witness* and (later) of *G. K.'s Weekly*. But though a great journalist, he was not a good editor. His exposition of "Distributism," of which he was the acknowledged leader, may, therefore, be best studied in his *Outline of Sanity*.

Of his long array of books I think his *Orthodoxy* and *Everlasting Man*

were the best. A little below these I should be inclined to rate his *What's Wrong with the World*, *Heretics*, and *The Outline of Sanity*. His novels, if one can call them such that were really wildly fantastic allegories, do not, with the exception of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, *The Man who was Thursday*, and *Man Alive*, quite succeed, in my estimation, as works of art. Sometimes, as in *The Ball and the Cross* and *Tales of the Long Bow*, he was even rather irritating. But though he could be irritating, though he could even be tedious by trying to juggle a proof that tremendous trifles were more tremendous than they really are, it was impossible for him to be commonplace. In the field of criticism his books on Dickens and Shaw, like his *Victorian Age in Literature*, are masterpieces. Less successful were his studies of Browning and Cobbett and Stevenson and Chaucer; but he was a born critic and never failed to illuminate his subject. It must be added that he was the most prolific essayist of our time—probably of all time; and he was a notable poet. His "Ballad of the White Horse" and "Lepanto" are his greatest achievements, but the songs from *The Flying Inn*, the satire on Lord Birkenhead (then Mr. F. E. Smith) and some of his humorous poems are in their own way incomparable.

For a generation he had been a public institution, and he may well become a legend. But it would need a Boswell to do justice to him, and he was singularly unlucky in the books written about him. All of these were wretchedly incompetent, with the exception of the study his brother published anonymously in 1907. As Cecil is not here to round out his work, let us hope that somebody like Maurice Baring will undertake the official "Life." His Autobiography, which is now in the press, is likely to be mainly an account of his ideas and controversies; he was altogether too humble a man to tell us much about himself.

There is a trite phrase often used of a man who has just died, that we shall not look upon his like again. It is true of course that every man has something unique about him. Chesterton was unique in *every* respect—in his physical appearance, the kind of clothes he wore, his childlike goodness and his exuberant joviality, in a thousand details, like that of his habit of laughing uproariously at his own jokes before he had time to make them, down to that of a handwriting peculiarly his own. But all these things were merely the manifestations of the man. The literary style itself was no more than the style of his thinking, the style of his living. If this was unique it was only because he was unique.

BRADY'S NIGHTS OFF

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE train pulled out of the station and Brady slowly walked back to the exit. He felt both foolish and guilty. The tears in Anne's eyes had brought a lump into his throat. The anxious expression of her comfortable, middle-aged face had made him feel a little sick. Her anxiety was for him. It was justified. She always took care of him. She was sure he couldn't take care of himself.

"I don't know what you will do all week," she mused aloud.

"Two weeks, dear," he corrected. He had explained that he could not get to the shore for Anne's first week-end there, but that he would come at the end of the second week and take her home. Anne did not accept the correction. He knew that in those last minutes she was wondering how she had ever found courage to leave him alone. She knew so much about him and his helplessness. What she didn't know was what he was feeling guilty about. She didn't know that he had made up his mind to have a rip-roaring old time every night of her absence. She wouldn't dream of that.

He felt that it was coming to him. He was a middle-aged man. He and Anne had been married twenty-five years, and Brady would have told the world the marriage had been a perfect one. Anne was an ideal wife—devoted, understanding, tolerant, even-tempered, efficient. But we all have moments of rebellion against perfection. Brady had some. Anne was wonderful. But he and Anne had not been separated for a single night in all those twenty-five years. That was a record. Also it was a trifle monotonous.

The first five years it had come about naturally enough. When, at rare intervals, Brady went on a business trip South or West, he took Anne with him as a change and a treat for her. When they went to friends for week-ends they naturally went together. After five years of this, the condition had crystallized into a tradition. They became proud of it, and boasted of it. Neither would leave the other. When Brady went to the hospital for a slight operation that kept him there only three days Anne went, too, and had a room across the hall from his. She made little sorties to his room every night, to make sure he was comfortable. Foolish, but that's the way they felt.

Now, when Anne was rather run down, and when this was the hottest August New York had ever known, she had received an invitation for a fortnight by the sea. It came when she and Brady were at the breakfast table. She had read it aloud before she realized what the exuberant opening sentences in her sister's letter were leading up to. Brady had forced her to accept the invitation. He couldn't go, but he'd get a big kick out of knowing she was bathing and swimming and sailing. So she had gone, after endless discussion, and here he was—free! Free after twenty-five years. Free to knock about New York at

night, to dine where he liked and with whom he liked, to do anything he chose; to be again, for this brief interval, the rounder of his bachelor days.

He knew exactly what he was going to do. He had given the program a lot of thought. He wasn't planning for a companion—not that first night, anyway. Most of the fellows he knew now were either stolidly domestic, like himself, or gay young chaps who wouldn't be congenial. Besides, part of the fun would be to flock by himself, not to have to consider any one else.

He'd go home and dress, by Jove. He didn't always dress for dinner, by any means. Neither did Anne. They had grown careless about such trifles. To-night he would dress. Then he'd dine at Maxim's. Then he'd go to the new revue they were all talking about. Pretty lively, that revue. Anne had refused to see it. She had rather straight-laced ideas about such things. They wouldn't bother him. After the revue he might drop into a supper club to see a bit of real New York night life again. Anne didn't care for that sort of thing, either. She considered it a waste of time and money. They would cost something—these "nights off" as he called them. But he could afford them and he was entitled to them. Twenty-five years of intense respectability, of colorless domesticity, of quiet dances at country clubs, of quiet week-end visits, rounds of golf, friendly games of cards. Once in a decade a few drinks too many, and a headache in the morning. All very well—but how a fellow did want a change sometimes! One was rather ashamed of the desire, but one wanted the change just the same.

Brady whistled softly as he fitted his latchkey into the front door of his apartment. Then the cheerful sound died on his lips. Dark, of course. It would be. But he hadn't expected that it would be so quiet. Not a sound, anywhere. A deserted place—a place without a soul. The soul of it was on a hot train now, but philosophical, as she always was and thinking of him. Wondering, no doubt, if he would dine out or eat the cold dinner she had left for him in the ice box. She had not asked any questions about his plans. That was like her. A sudden wave of loneliness rolled over him. An empty flat was a lonely place. He moved about, snapping on lights to make things seem more natural. Once or twice, as he dressed, he found himself listening for Anne's footsteps along the hall, or thinking of things he wanted to tell her. They'd keep. He had promised to write her a few lines every day.

He was glad to leave the flat behind him. He left lights, too—one in the entrance hall, the other in his bedroom. Pleasanter to come back into, that way.

Maxim's was crowded. He had hoped it wouldn't be, but it was. Everybody looked red and moist and rather uncomfortable. His waiter had beads of perspiration on his face. Brady turned his eyes from them. He was fussy about such things. Anne often laughed at him. Anne must be nearing her destination now. He looked at his watch. Yes, she'd be driving up from the station in Bill's car, smelling the sea air and exclaiming over its coolness.

He drank two cocktails and began his dinner. He had ordered things he liked—things Anne raised her eyebrows over, because they

didn't always agree with him. He wasn't very hungry. He stared at his fellow-diners and listened to the jazz around him. He was going to have a great time. He was going to drop all his inhibitions and do anything and everything he liked. It was too bad he wasn't hungry. If it hadn't been so hot, and his waiter so moist, he would have enjoyed that dinner. The cooking was fine.

He had just settled comfortably in his theater seat when the curtain went up on the first act of the revue. The theater was crowded. Hot, too. But what could he expect? Every place was hot. Just the same it would have been better not to have the chorus in Polar bear costumes. The ice background was cool but the girls looked baked. Several times he turned to speak to Anne. He and Anne had seen a lot of plays together. The woman next to him was a dignified dowager with a white front elevation . . . Maxim's Russian soup with sour cream was not agreeing with him. Neither was the lobster he had eaten. He wanted to talk to some one between the acts, but the pageant in the foyer showed him no one he knew. He gave a light to a stranger and exchanged a few commonplaces with him. The second act of the revue was distinctly vulgar. He was glad Anne wasn't there. He pursed his lips. He could stand anything if it was clever, he often said; but he hated to have dirty jokes dragged into an entertainment for no other reason than that they were dirty. His indigestion grew worse. A high ball on the way home didn't help it. He decided to postpone the club view till to-morrow night. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to have some one with him; but he couldn't think of any one he wanted.

The flat, when he got back to it, was the coolest place he had struck. In his room the bed-clothing was turned back and his pyjamas, a very thin, cool pair, lay over the foot of the bed. Anne had arranged all that before she left. He had noticed it while he was dressing. He noticed it more now. He opened the windows, crept between the cool sheets, and relaxed. He was drowsy. It was odd to feel that Anne wasn't in the twin bed beside him, but he soon fell asleep.

The morning wasn't bad. At his suggestion Anne had given the cook and waitress a holiday, but she had engaged the superintendent's wife to prepare his breakfasts and keep the flat clean. The woman was a good cook. Brady experienced a little hang-over from the previous night's indulgence, but it wasn't serious. He got down his eggs and bacon and coffee. He felt very philosophical as he hustled down town. He was getting used to being alone.

He didn't feel much used to it when he returned to the flat that night. It was again a desolate, echoing place. Everything was neat; but the superintendent's wife had not opened the bed for him, and she had hung his pyjamas in the closet. He dressed quickly and got out as soon as he could.

He dined at a modest place, and this time more carefully. He would have something more at the night club. He hadn't thought of any one he wanted as a companion . . . The night club was hot, the prices were terrible, and the food nothing to write Anne about. The evening was a failure.

That sort of thing couldn't be allowed to go on. He was wasting precious time. He invited his secre-

tary to dine with him the next evening. She was a nice little thing—not a beauty, but wholesome and chatty. She would banish this odd sense of incompleteness that enveloped him. But she didn't. She had never dined with him before. She met him at the restaurant. She was prompt, but oppressed by the novelty of the experience and not quite sure she should have accepted his invitation. She was nervous and giggly. Brady was bored, but he gave her a good dinner and a cheerful comedy. At the end of it he bore with fortitude the discovery that she lived in Harlem. The taxi fare was two thirty-five each way. He was realizing now that his great plan was going wrong, but he didn't know what to do about it. He lunched with a business associate the next noon and mentioned his disappointment.

"How about meeting some nice girls?" the friend asked cheerfully. "That's on your program, isn't it?"

Brady shook his head.

"Don't know any," he admitted. "Don't want to know any," he added hastily.

"Well, then, how about a night of poker? Though it's pretty hot for that. Sorry I can't help you out, old chap. I go to the seashore every night. The family's there. Commuting is a nuisance but the sea baths night and morning make it worth while—and a man gets infernally lonesome drifting around the town."

Brady had discovered that. He telephoned some of the men in his favorite club and got into a poker game that night. It wasn't very thrilling, and he smoked and drank too much. He had a head the next morning, and he was two hours late at his office. Also he had lost eighteen dollars. But it had been the most satisfactory night of the three, though hot and expensive.

The flat looked rather dingy the next morning. The superintendent's wife was no enemy to dust. There was a fine film over Anne's shining mahogany. After he had dictated the morning mail he put through a telephone call to Anne. At the sound of her voice peace enfolded him like a cool garment.

"The heat here is simply devilish, old girl," he said. "It's getting on my nerves. I think I'll run down to-morrow night and spend the week-end, if Bill and Katherine still want me."

"They'll love it, dear. So shall I." Anne's voice was maternal and restful. It held no surprise. "Take the same train I took, and I'll drive to the station for you," she added. "You'll hardly know me. I'm as red as an Indian already."

"I'll be seeing you to-morrow."

Brady's voice was full of vitality. He had an amusing sense of well-being. He whistled a popular refrain, softly and slightly off the key. His secretary, who had been sympathetic over his confessed headache, looked at him in surprise. She had reverted to the nice sensible girl she had been before that outing. He grinned at her sheepishly.

"Creatures of habit, that's what we are," he told her.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

By Edward Ulback

THERE are some men who are so constituted that beauty of every kind is not to them a distraction or a recreation. The light of a spring day, the blue range of the mountains, the vast soft whiteness of the breaking waves fill them with a sensation which is not unmingled with suffering. The greater the beauty which they see, the more it leaves them unsatisfied and full of longing. Augustine was one of these men. If they frame to themselves a theory of art and beauty, it will be like his and Plato's.

To understand and enjoy Augustine's writings in general, and more especially his *Confessions*, we must know something of the Roman-African life and thought of that day.

The normal state of the descendants of the Roman settlers in Africa was that of small groups of civilized men surrounded by barbarous nomads. In such a state of society complicated relations arise between the two parties. Occasionally, the barbarian is molded and elevated by his neighbor. Roman letters and education filtered into Phœnician and Numidian villages, and a succession of orators and legists was produced by the natives of Africa. The more usual relations between the tribesmen and the colonists were of a much humbler kind, founded upon mutual convenience. In one of those interesting letters, which testify to the masculine good sense of Augustine, it comes out that the native tribes frequently acted as conveyors of merchandise, conductors of caravans, and guardians of harvests. Compacts were entered into between them, sealed by oaths, which often caused scruples to timid Christians.

The civilized life of Africa is more directly connected with our subject. "The long and narrow tract of African coast was filled with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence, and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean." One fact impresses us with the highest sense of the fertility of the district, and of the industry of the people. Thickly populated as it was, it exported vast quantities of wheat; and after providing abundantly for home consumption, sent the breadstuffs which mainly supplied the vast population of Rome.[1] This civilized life of Africa found its center at Carthage—the Rome of Africa, as it was frequently called. We all remember the Carthage of Hannibal. But Carthage, from the period of its new foundation under Augustus (A. D. 29), was essentially a Roman city. On its topography and scenery we need not dwell. The undecaying framework of nature, common to the Punic with the Roman city, has been described in M. Flaubert's *Salammbô*.

Carthage was the child of Roman genius in its grandest hour. It was described as a most glorious city. Its streets, glittering with gold and gay with marbles, ran in long paral-

1 Gibbon, ch. xxxiii.

lel lines. It possessed numerous schools and affected to rival Rome as a creator of Latin literature. The old Punic passion for commerce appeared to revive upon its ancient soil. Countless ships pressed into the one great port of a havenless sea. If Christianity had spread with singular rapidity over the surface, it does not seem to have sunk into the heart of society. The sunshine and fertility of the country were bitterly contrasted with the character of the inhabitants. The garb of religion was the signal for outbursts of derision and hatred. Significant passages in Augustine's letters prove that the clergy themselves were far from immaculate.

One result of the Roman character of African society and education upon Augustine's intellectual history and theological acquirements is too important to be omitted. At neither period of its history was there any tincture of Hellenism in the population or culture of Carthage. It will be remembered, by every reader of the *Confessions*, how Augustine as a boy hated Greek; how the difficulty of learning a foreign language sprinkled with gall the sweetness of the glorious Grecian poems, which a nature like his was so capable of enjoying.

His early education was that of a rhetorician of the day. The practice was, to make the boy render into fluent Latin prose that which he had read in Latin verse. Few rhetorical exercises could be devised so likely to give copiousness of vocabulary and readiness of expression. He is early successful in the school of rhetoric, goes from Tagaste to Carthage, is disgusted with it, thinks of Rome, and dedicates to Hierius his lost work, *De Pulchro et Apto*. From Carthage he had been driven by the wickedness of the wild students. At Rome, he recoils from the stories of their meanness. It appears that it was a common trick among them to take out a course from one professor, shirk payment, and go off in a body to another teacher. He is proud of being sent to Milan, by public conveyance, as a traveler at the public expense, with a salary from the State as well as private pay. This post was procured for him by the kindness of Manichæan friends. Gibbon has sneered at the professional acquirements of Augustine. But surely he gave a proof of his power as an orator who persuaded the fierce population of a town in Mauritania to give up those murderous *catervæ*, compared with which the faction fights in Ireland were mild indeed. And the man must be admitted to know something of an art who has written a treatise upon it, which has not been superseded after fifteen hundred years. The rhetorical knowledge, acquired by many years of indefatigable toil, is packed into the fourth book of the treatise on Christian doctrine. Has the Christian Church any more valuable manual on the subject?

The touching story of Victorinus, who was himself also an African, shows how important a career was open to the rhetorician of the day. The teacher of nobles and senators might aspire to the honor of a statue. His position was like that of the contemporary sophist in the eastern portion of the Roman empire, if we make some allowance for the extravagance of the latter Greek provincial spirit—not, perhaps, posing himself beringed, crowned, and jeweled, before admiring crowds,

holding his rhetorical jousts from city to city, but courted, feasted, and patronized. True oratory is the strong expression of the freeman's thought, and is extinguished with the extinction of liberty. There remains nothing but the declaimer. Augustine's taste in rhetoric may have been vitiated, at least as to verbal details. No man can escape with perfect impunity from the spirit of his times. The very fountain of the intellectual life is tinged by our birthplace and earliest associations.

But Augustine's taste from the earliest period was for that which was solid. He thirsted for the wine of truth, and the beauty or livery of the cupbearer was nothing to him. He had longed to hear the great popular preacher of the Manichæans, Faustus; but he soon found that the graceful orator, who could say whatever he pleased, had little or nothing to say. Faustus had but a scanty stock-in-trade—a few orations of Cicero, a very few books of Seneca, some poets, and the narrow literature of his own sect. However skillfully handled by a practiced speaker, not much could be made of such poor materials. Augustine soon knew at what price to value these embroidered inanities. When he hears Ambrose at Milan, he detects at once the ring of the true metal. He carried with him into his judgments upon the Christian pulpit the same masculine discrimination. The grease-pastry style of rhetoric, so characteristic of provincialism in all ages, was his abhorrence. He illustrates this by admirable images in the fourth book of the treatise upon Christian doctrine. The florid redundancy indulged in, once at least, by his countryman, Cyprian, of Africa, is but faintly excused. With regard to minor points, the young African professor of rhetoric was accused at Rome and Milan of provincial pronunciation of many words.

He did not altogether escape the charge of occasional solecism; but, as he adds, with an amusing touch of unconscious vanity, only from those who, like a dilettante of his acquaintance, argued with plausibility that Cicero himself had committed errors in this kind. But, no doubt, these minor blemishes were more than redeemed by the subtle tenderness and thoughtfulness peculiar to himself. The misfortune of provincialism is not altogether unmixed. The African style was evidently characterized by bold, incisive phrases. Under that burning sky, the Roman language seemed to lose something of its massiveness, and to acquire, in return, a speculative subtlety, which reminds us at times of the Greek ecclesiastical writers. As a preacher, it is evident that his powers were very great. He could charm alike the clergy of Carthage and the fishers of Hippo, and move a ferocious audience—first, to the bursts of applause which were not unusual in churches, and then to abundant tears. Cold criticism of his style, as such, is scarcely permissible. He had no time for classic finish, for perfection in form. Every drop of time cost him so dear. The author of the Apostrophe to Light is scarcely inferior to the greatest orator of any age. He possessed that severe moral restraint which is often artistically at one with the most delicate taste. In describing the death of an early friend at Tagaste he uses a phrase of questionable propriety, apparently rather for effect than as an accurate exponent of his emo-

tions. He is resolved that no taint of self shall rest upon his heart's offering to God, and the expression finds a place in the Retractations.

From Augustine's views upon rhetoric we may pass by no unnatural transition to his judgment upon pagan antiquity generally. In an age like that in which he lived, it is evident that classical literature must have been estimated differently, not only by different minds, but by the same minds from different points of view. Literature and philosophy are so estimated in our day. In a Church so dogmatic as Rome, we find Newman praising and De Maistre abominating Lord Bacon. In the fourth century paganism was yet standing. The heart of the tree, indeed, was dead, but, as may sometimes be observed in trees, the vitality had gone from the center to the circumference, and the tenacious bark communicated with still living fibers at the root. In the Eastern Church, classical literature was indulgently treated from the beginning by the Christian fathers. Its philosophers were looked upon by some among them as the prophets of human reason. In the West, there was more hesitation upon the subject. "The Apostle had been at Athens," exclaims Tertullian, almost fiercely, "and knew human wisdom by meeting it. What have Athens and Jerusalem in common? Let them look to it, who have brought in a Stoic, a Platonic, or a dialectic Christianity."[2] On the other hand Arnobius confidently appeals to Plato.

Augustine's mature and definite judgment on pagan philosophy is not difficult to gather, in spite of some apparent inconsistencies of expression. The Gospel did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. Nor did it come to destroy the crude fruit of human wisdom, but to form and mellow it. He never grounded faith upon a universal skepticism. Opposed as Aristotle and Plato might seem to be, he believed that one consistent mass had been strained out by the cautious wisdom of successive ages. Of Cicero and Plato he speaks with almost unvarying respect. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? To the *"Hortensius"* of Cicero he owed the first prelude to his conversion, the first initiation into those high problems which are the intellectual principles of the spiritual life. With Plato it may be looked upon as certain that he was never profoundly acquainted, that he had read but little of his works, and that little in Latin translation. Yet, predestined Platonist as he was, he seized upon the lofty Theism of the *Timæus*, upon the high morality of the *Euthyphon*, upon the doctrine of *Ideas*, and with the instinct of genius thinking out these principles to their conclusion, gave that Platonic mold to Christian thought which it has never lost. To him we owe that noble passage which forever puts to shame the faithlessness of those who in this, or in any other age, have considered human learning a curse or a superfluity outside the Church. The passage to which I refer[3] is the more remarkable when we remember that the treatise in which it occurs was written, in part, to combat the passion for secular learning, dangerous in that day, which prevailed among a section of the African clergy.

More than in most countries, Christianity in Africa was tinctured by the soil in which it grew.

[2] *De Præscrip. Hæret.*

[3] *De Doctrina Christ.* II. 28-31.40.

Donatism may be considered as the expression of national and religious jealousy. The "fractionary" ecclesiastical spirit of the African Christians has been traced in the enormous numbers of the African bishops. For instance, in one conference at Carthage (A. D. 411) we read of 279 Donatist, 286 Catholic bishops. The colonists acquired something of the fierceness of the tribes by whom they were surrounded. The Donatists, those Puritans of Africa, had their Anabaptists in the Circumcellion. And how prevalent Manichæism was, no reader of the *Confessions* can forget. It was no unusual circumstance to find three bishops in one town, Manichæan, Donatist, and Catholic. Heathenism lingered on still. Augustine speaks, with an eloquent shudder, of the hideous and effeminate wretches, who, with unguent-dripping locks and whitened faces, up to yesterday, as he says, went in the processions of the *Magna Mater* through the streets of Carthage.[4] The country, and especially Carthage, was haunted by fortune-tellers and spiritualists. Haruspices still remained and sacrificed. Now an image was rashly broken by the Christians, and the population rose in fury. Now a nomad tribe had a bargain to make with its civilized neighbors, and scruples of conscience arose, because the barbarians would only swear by their own gods. As is the case in India now, two phenomena were exhibited, on the one hand a fanatical revival of the old religion, on the other a philosophical rationalism, which sought to preserve a minimum of it, inculcating the moral ideas of the new faith. There, as ever in analogous circumstances, two currents of thought are formed drop by drop, until at last the equilibrium is broken, the mass of the new ideas exceeds that of the old, and the old is absorbed and lost in the new. The letters of two pagans to Augustine, Longinianus the priest, and Maximus of Madaura, illustrate this truth. At Carthage, and elsewhere, the Christian Church had not yet filtered off all the dregs of paganism. Augustine admits that he knew Christians who were worshipers of pictures and sepulchers. There were riotous feasts, nominally changed into Memories of Martyrs, but in carnality and excess in no respect different from the old festivals in the temples of the idols. At Hippo itself, there were Church feasts, whose admitted extravagances were sanctioned, or palliated, by a reference to similar abuses, committed at Rome, under the eyes of its bishop.

Erasmus complains bitterly that the powers of Augustine were wasted upon Africa. Such a genius would have produced still nobler fruits, had it been born or lived in Italy or Gaul. The rudeness, the voluptousness, the small and restless curiosity of Africa, was hostile to literary excellence and philosophical ripeness. This may be partly true. It seems, indeed, that the scanty hours left to the Bishop, after the toils of controversy, the care of his flock, and the superintendence of his clergy, were broken in upon by a noisy throng of babbling visitors, fond of hearing their own tongues, and utterly incapable of solid discussion. But the discordant elements into which he was thrown have gained for us one useful lesson. It is instructive to see how thoroughly Augustine had mas-

[4] *De Civ. Dei*, vii. 26.

tered the thoughts and the wants of his own age; what an extensive toleration he possessed, in spite of the occasional severity and dogmatism which grate upon a modern ear. He answers the strange letter of Volutianus with an exemplary patience which astonishes Erasmus; of the Manichæans he speaks generally in the tone of one who knew the difficulty of finding truth.

It only remains to notice briefly the milestones on the roadside of Augustine's intellectual career. We may term it, with equal truth, his spiritual career, for with him the intellectual and the spiritual are so interfused that we cannot discriminate one from the other.

While yet divided between passion and vanity, his soul is reached by the *"Hortensius"* of Cicero. The first ring was touched, and the chain never ceased to vibrate. The great problem of the origin of evil first occupied his thoughts, and led to his long subjugation to Manichæism. To this, without being ever fully converted himself, he made several converts, as has happened more than once with converts to Rome in our own day. During nine years of Manichæism he was never thoroughly satisfied with it. Perhaps his mother was led to her dream by the prophetic penetration of maternal love. He seems to have held, first, a kind of Dualism, then, the theory of an extended God; or, as he himself says, an extended nothing. He made various efforts to escape from these unsatisfactory speculations. Epicureanism might have tempted him for a moment, but the instinct of immortality, strong in such natures as his, preserved him. Subtler theories won him for a while. In despair of attaining to truth, he tended for a little to Academic skepticism, the probabilism of the New Academy. At other times he inclined to Pantheism, the perpetual temptation of the speculative spirit; he uses a very curious similitude to explain the form in which it presented itself to him for a while.

Such are the bare outlines of this restless career, from Manichæism to skepticism from skepticism to Pantheism. The true cause of the long uncertainty was, as he tells us, want of spirituality.

As specimens of Augustine's philosophy, I shall only refer to his discussion upon Time and Memory.

He is led to a theory of time in the eleventh book by his examination of the first verses of Genesis. He meets those who asked, as an objection to creation, what God was doing before He made heaven and earth, and how it came into His mind to make what He had not made before—this renders it necessary for him to examine the notion of Time.

The substance of his doctrine is this,—What is Time? It is in the consciousness, and by the aid of memory, that we find the first notion of duration. The mind itself is the type and measure of it. It is not from exterior sources that we acquire the notion of time, but by the inner sense; and it is the mind, the *ego*, which is the original model of that which endures. The present is an ideal point. The past and future have no existence but in the conception of the mind. We do not measure time by motion, but motion by time.

"In thee, my soul, I measure time, in thee I say I measure it. The impression which things as they pass make in thee, and which abides when they have passed away, that

impression which is present I measure, not things which have passed away that it might remain. It I measure when I measure time. Therefore, either this impression is time, or I do not measure time."[5]

The *Confessions* of Saint Augustine have been almost equally appreciated by dogmatism and free thought, by Christians and skeptics —by the latter, for the marks which they bear of having come from an age of doubt and distraction; by the former, for the passionate self-surrender from the days of the voice in the garden and the baptism at Milan. Those who dislike the journey love Augustine for his inimitable appreciation of the rest to which it brought him. Those who look upon the rest as a delusion are ready to proclaim that the journey was never traversed with a freer step, or described by a more opulent pen.

[5] *Confess.*, vi. 27.

FRA ANGELICO

By Eleanor Downing

FIESOLE,—the magic of the name!
Rose-gardened valley and gold mist, to where
Saint Mary of the Flower rises through
The quiet light, a bubble on the blue;
A hushed and hallowed spot where every care
Grows holy and each thought an altar-flame.

There went your sandaled footsteps to and fro;
And there, where time's loud clamoring is dead,
Almost one fancies that they echo yet
Along the cloister and the parapet,
Whence in the distance, like a dream, lies spread
Florence of Dante and Girolamo.

Yet it is here amid the factioned strife
Of Florence, in the fruitful cloister-close
Of old San Marco, that we feel the beat
Of your heart nearest; here that full and sweet
Your soul broke forth and blossomed like the rose
And woke the barren walls to pictured life.

Here, too, men found for you a fairer name;
Albeit, in truth, we leave unwillingly
Young "Fra Giovanni" where the holy cloak
Of Dominic first clothed you, where your stroke
First found its breadth of line and purity,
And learned to crown its angel brows with flame.

Such flame must sure have burned against your own
To earn you name so blessed, or at hush
Of twilight-tide white angels gathered round,
To watch, as your tears rained upon the ground,
The glowing colors flow from off your brush,—
Your soul with God, your knees upon the stone.

From every nook within this sacred pile
Peer friar-faces, and pale feet now gone
Echo down cloister-walk and paven floor;
Only along the upper corridor
We may hold converse with you all alone,
And drawing near may know your face awhile.

Here in each cell, in gold and white and blue,
Lessons for no brief moment have you limned,
But for all time; and patient lives have sought
To rule thereby their pain and tune their thought,
And many faltering souls, when faith has dimmed
And hope grown wan, have raised their eyes thereto.

Have raised their eyes, and have been comforted;
Even as we of later time that come
From out dark places, where man's Babel flouts
The face of God; for here no clutching doubts
Grasp at the heart; here Scorn's curled lip is dumb,
And Pride, the lord of hell, lies stark and dead.

Here our sick souls may drink and turn away,
Knowing that Faith still bears her dream unfurled;
For these are riches that time cannot rust,
And while their colors shine from out the dust,
Christ, the contemned, has overcome the world,
And evil is the blossom of a day.

For though Truth sleep within a triple tomb,
Yet shall men find it, as they find you hid
Within a wall; so shall they through the dark
Light up its effigy by taper-spark,
Until God lift the marble coverlid
To touch the dust and wake it into bloom.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE: PAGES FROM A PRIMER

By Jack Gibbons Morris

JOHN MACY in his *The Spirit of American Literature* provides the only simple definition of the history of the art of letters in general that I know. And, to be sure, it is not an all-inclusive one, nor otherwise completely satisfactory. He believed that, for better or worse, "literature is a succession of books from books."

Now we ordinarily use the adjective "Catholic" before some abstract term or category that we wish to say is marked by the Catholic manner, and shares the Catholic distinctions, as we commonly know them. To be unblushingly fundamental, to labor the obvious, I offer the definition of the word "Catholic" from its Greek root meaning "universal and all-embracing."

Thus, if in a sense "a succession of books from books" is informed by a spirit and vigor that derive their sanctions from the principles of the Church as a dogmatic, divinely instituted and guaranteed body, any resulting expression of the tradition of these sanctions is in a most elementary sense, Catholic literature. But in a wider sense, any author, Catholic or non-Catholic, is a contributor to Catholic literature if he concerns himself with Catholic life, thought, or tradition and interprets them according to the fixed, if somehow intangible, conditions of their own development.

In order to prevent this subject from being a cumbersome recital of names, accomplishments, and other biographical facts, I must make a polite bow, in some cases a bow from the hips, to those Catholic authors whom it seems necessary to neglect in what is, after all, hardly a general, chronological survey of the entire Catholic Literary Revival. As it happens, most of the contributors to the incipient revival of the nineteenth century, both in England and America, in spite of the brilliance and effectiveness of certain individual performers whose particular claims there is not time to mention here, were in a very homely sense only so many alarm clocks ringing off in the early dawn of a day that promised extravagantly for those who were to come after them. They created a unified impression that could not fail to awaken any sleeper within hearing distance. And we owe them a debt. We have only to examine the melancholy chronicles of pre-Newman England, or of pre-Brownson America, to understand what a recent punster meant when he exchanged the phrase "Catholic Church Militant" for the more provocative one "Catholic Church Dormant."

The names of John Ayscough, Brother Azarias, Canon William Barry, Monsignor Battifol, Robert Hugh Benson, F. Marion Crawford, Aubrey de Vere, Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley, Lionel Johnson, Monsignor Duchesne, Adrian Fortescue, Louise Imogen Guiney, Henry Harland, Huysmans, Jorgensen, Repplier, Ladislas Reymont, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Canon Sheehan, Father Tabb, Katharine Tynan, in company of many other writing Catholics who did well or

badly as the case may be, have received the concentrated attention of the readers of recent issues of *America*; here the fine-tooth combs of diversified public opinions have, in the cause of a statistical survey, been given a long-awaited usage. The objective importance of these names, many of which are strangely or ironically juxtaposed, is found in the fact of the powerful attractive forces of the Church as the home of intellectuals; very many of the just-mentioned celebrities elected to become Catholics after years of investigation and deliberation. If I seem to omit a mention of many Italian, German, Spanish, and French Catholic writers, it is only because, at the risk of my seeming superficial, I believe the general Catholic reading public is less acquainted with them.

Several recent examples of what Catholic literature is would perhaps be more to the point than the definition arrived at a moment ago in this essay. Fortunately some examples occur that, to my mind, illustrate the scope of this definition by actually revealing the state of mind of certain authors toward a given set of circumstances with those qualifications that allow of a Catholic definition.

An interesting alliance of three late Victorian Catholic poets, each of them possessed of a characteristic genius, is bound up in a poem which appeared only in December of last year. In *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse* we found the title, "An Homage," and the name under it was "Francis Thompson." That name arises from the page like a ghost from the long past, though it is only twenty-nine years since he died, he who had said in "The Poppy," an early poem, what has been true beyond all doubts of merely mortal men:

"The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

"I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

"Love, Love! your flower of withered dream
In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

"Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams."

The pathos of these lines, their consciousness of the tragedy of Thompson's life, and their awareness of an immortality that only a great poet may predict for himself, are dominating *motifs* of all his verse. One other mood, the refrain of which sounds throughout much of his best work, is a dedicatory one, and the object of his dedication was Alice Meynell. Although no editorial note tells us the person to whom

these posthumously published stanzas were offered, the note struck in "An Homage" is the prevailing strain of "Love in Dian's Lap."

"Because I feared her little frown,
I looked and looked, and dared not speak;
Because I feared the very blush
That made sweet-briar buds in her cheek.
But when she let her long hair down,
Whose fire-shot smoke suffused her round,
I gazed, like Moses on the bush,
And thought her face was holy ground.

"Be less, be less, or be more kind!
I wish your very comb I were,
Because it every morning runs
Its happy fingers through your hair!
My heart shakes flame-like in the wind
Of your light feet; I have, in place
Of rise and set of stars and suns,
Coming and going of your face."

The influence of the manner of Coventry Patmore is implicit in the very turns of phrase; the indwelling of the metaphor about to define itself, the figures enlargened so as to complement each other, all of those abilities that Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell admired Patmore for are demonstrated in these lovely lines of "An Homage." A suggestion in the vocative, "Be less, be less, or be more kind!," reminds us that the craft of Thompson is never more happily apparent than when he is able to achieve a perfect connotative line, in this instance the touch of Herrick being artfully displayed. We do not forget that Crashaw, Shelley, and Patmore were the poetic influences most vital to him; but they were seldom his masters.

Another poet of genius, genius of a type that the religion of Chaucer, Villon, Dante, Southwell, Crashaw, Dryden, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, Michelangelo, Mangan and Thompson has a claim to, appears in the person of Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, Jesuit, who was born in 1844 and died in 1889. Virtually unknown in his lifetime, he has become for the modern-day literary world probably its most discussed and certainly one of its most influential figures. This spectacular rise to fame was occasioned by the printing of all his poems in a popular edition by the Oxford Press in 1930. His literary executor had kept most of them unpublished until a time when it was probable that their form of execution would not go utterly unappreciated. No conscientious student of the traditions of English poetry can any longer have an excuse for complaining of what was once held to be the inaccessibility of Hopkins's thought, granting that his style is one that does not at first glance recommend itself to easy comprehension. What his ultimate place is to be, we do not as yet know. Certainly his resurrection, as a name, is one of unique importance in Catholic literary history. And he is a link, also, with the literary present that I am about to consider.

John L. Stoddard is the title of a very recent biography of that famous man by D. Crane Taylor. The biographer is not a Catholic. Nor, indeed, was the subject of his biography until after the World War. What is remarkable about the book

is its faithful reporting of the facts of the life of the great traveler and lecturer, many of them already well known because of the intimate, personal tone of Stoddard's volume *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, and the additional perspective that Taylor achieves through having known, even if only for a short time, the living Stoddard in the latter's rôle of a confidential friend and host.

That the conversion of a Massachusetts gentleman, born in 1850 of Calvinist parents of good family, should come about in 1918, is not in itself ordinary. But when that gentleman happened to be a citizen of the world in no idle sense of the word, when he was the spectator and close student of historical events in all parts of the universe, when he was the embodiment of the philosophic detachment that only his experiences and observations over a period of fifty years could have produced, then his decision to become a member of a Church he had seen as a working organization in all the lands he visited is something of a phenomenon.

Five nights a week, with two matinées. That was the Stoddard routine when he appeared in a large city. Before he was far advanced into middle age, the lecturer retired, having come into the ownership of two villas — one in Italy where he chose to live, one in Austria near the Italian border. He led a quiet, contemplative life for a number of years. The World War came, and with it the end of his halcyon days.

He was disillusioned by what proved to be a treacherous Italian international policy. Taylor relates how Stoddard was awakened one night to see a fleet of transport boats moving down Lake Como, all of them headed for the Austrian border. The next morning a procession of Italian trucks was rolling along in the same direction on the road bounding his property from the other side. All of them were transports, full of materials for the super-fortification of the boundary-line. And all this was taking place several weeks before Ferdinand was killed at Sarajevo.

Not unacquainted with the possibilities of the sacrifice he was about to make, Stoddard closed his Italian villa and went over into Austria. He was there, in the little town of Meran in the Tyrol, for the remainder of the War, sacrificing his property and considerable part of his fortune to aid the starving citizens of that district.

One attitude resulting from John Stoddard's investigations as a world-traveler was his contempt for the policies of England as a colonizer and exploiter that ravaged wherever it could. He never lost an occasion in speaking from a platform to mention that England had willfully popularized the use of opium among the Chinese coolie class. His knowledge of the myriad difficulties of the Anglo-Egyptian question caused him to point to England as "the whited sepulcher" among so-called civilized nations. It was quite natural, therefore, that he was described in many of the American newspapers, even before 1917, as "pro-German" and an expatriate of the worst sort. It is worthy of note also that in spite of the general opinion held of him in America at this time, he was careful not to speak bitterly of his native land, knowing that it was being pushed into a war that had many sinister, secret purposes. How well some of his intuitions are realized by the

disclosures of that recent Senate munitions investigating committee headed by Senator Nye!

Part of Italy's war spoils included the district in which Stoddard's Austrian property was situated. This would have seemed the final blow to him had he not, from the very war that had cost him nearly everything but his life, received out of the chaos, and horror, and heartsickness of those days, a gift of faith in an Absolute, after so many years of the polite agnosticism that had been the dowry of his days at Williams and Yale. His parents, dying when he was sixteen, had left him with a belief in God but only the most nebulous ideas of the reasons for this fact. His reasons for belief, the psychology of his conversion, the storm and stress of the War years and their echoes in his soul, are all recorded in *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, which in its field (that of popular apologetics) has been surpassed only in number of editions printed by Cardinal Gibbons's *Faith of Our Fathers*, a much older book.

One young distinguished poet, George Dillon, felt he spoke for an entire generation of his fellows recently when in a sequence of poems bearing the title *Address to the Doomed* he apostrophized man as "the sigh of God upon the seventh day." This cry of despair, spoken I am afraid from the depths of a sterile soul, or perhaps arising from a disintegration peculiar to the modern intellect when it worships all gods but God, has projected itself no further than the voice of this poet, who found himself a sigh, could reach. Sometimes the misery and the pain that are in life are themselves a shout in the mouth of a man who has not let them weigh him down so that he is no longer above the earth. Such a man is Stephen West, the hero of *Out of the Whirlwind*, William Thomas Walsh's novel published barely a year ago. One would be inclined to believe that the elements of this novel are too distorted, too strange, even for fiction, if one did not know that the foundations of the plot are factual.

The chief woman character, who haunts the action of the plot rather than inhabits it, is Nina Mateskas, and she is, I think, one of the most realistic portrayals in modern Catholic fiction of a type of combination nymphomaniac and neurotic that Iris March of the *Green Hat*, and Mildred the girl in *Of Human Bondage*, have set a precedent for in contemporary English literature. In a way, Nina the Polish girl of Little Dublin, a section of Hookerstown, Massachusetts, in 1907, is a sharp reminder of her blood sister, Arabella, of Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. She is the instrument, whole and entire, of a young man's life, and the destruction she creates spreads itself like a wave until it engulfs the whole book. Not that Stephen West is innocent of the immoral relationship that involves them shortly after they meet for the first time, one that prompts the action of Nina, that destroys twelve years of his life, years spent in prison, convicted of a murder he was no party to.

That Nina and Stephen will be ever associated in a memorable and symbolic way with the lightning-struck, blighted pine tree that is the spectator to their lust, and to Nina's vicious, deliberate slaughter of the other man, Casimir Pavlonis, is the poetic intention of the author, who

sees in the dead tree the predestined hopes of the lovers that are sacrificed to the selfish, if fear-inspired, caprice of Nina. Nina's court confession implicated Stephen as the murderer and herself as an accomplice; her story was bolstered up by a witness who perjured himself, and Stephen was sent away to prison under the death sentence, later recalled and changed to a penalty of life imprisonment at hard labor. Nina herself went away to prison for a short time, her early release being secured by her crook-lawyer, Scanlon, a lifelike replica of his kind that is found everywhere. In this one character, as in a few others, Walsh contributes an important weapon of social criticism.

Stephen, entering upon a prospect of prison for life, decides to educate himself, and goes through all stages of materialistic unbelief until he becomes, through the agency of a priest-chaplain, a sincere, remorseful member of the Church he was baptized in. Nina, meanwhile, stays at the level of sordid, amoral self-interestedness after her release, and actually, in an almost unbelievable but somehow authentic scene, returns to the man she knows still loves her, offering like the beast she was to tell the truth of the murder scene, thereby freeing Stephen,—all of this conditional upon the fact that Stephen marry her, certifying by this public indorsement that their early misadventure had been no more than an unfortunate mistake, and that the death of Pavlonis was only the natural outcome of her love for Stephen.

One of the finest lines penned in any American novel then comes from Walsh's handling of this crisis: of Stephen's reaction to Nina's proposal—which he decided not to accept.

"In becoming an educated man, he had acquired an awareness of all humanity; in becoming a Christian he had grown more understanding of its tragedy."

It is only a few pages later that we find Nina dying of an inherited consumption, her physical being alive alone to the facts of her sorrow and repentance, murmuring to Stephen, against the background of the Catholic death-scene that Walsh has made a great artistic triumph, words that are ancient but powerful in their immemorial context:

"I wish we could begin all over.—It could have been so different."

Perhaps the finest lyrical lines exist in an early chapter, and hold a promise of what we may expect in a descriptive way from succeeding Walsh novels:

"They walked, arm in arm, toward Little Dublin. The moon was sliding down the western sky. In the silence their footsteps sounded loud and echoey. The h o u s e s seemed like giant beasts asleep, with their blind eyes staring stupidly into the night. Stephen felt a thrill of exultation. All the world slumbered, except Nina and him; it was as if even God slept, and he and Nina alone had life and youth, and walked like a god and goddess among the houses of the living dead."

It was Jean Cocteau's remark on Victor Hugo that, in a way, reminded us that the last few milestones in French literature had witnessed

among the great figures coming after Hugo, often those who would express themselves as Catholics, good or bad, but Catholics none the less. Cocteau had said: "Victor Hugo is a madman suffering under the delusion that he is Victor Hugo." This epigram pigeonholes, and disposes of, the whole Romantic school.

With René Bazin dead but a few years, with Paul Bourget in his grave only a few months, we begin to examine the relative values of the contemporary novel of French Catholic expression. I select one work of François Mauriac that is not necessarily typical of a school, and is not quite like anything else written by Mauriac with which I am familiar. It is by now, two years after its publication, very well known to Americans; *Viper's Tangle* is the book with a title not easily forgotten.

It is a book through which about half of the seven deadly sins walk like living specters. A Lear with no Cordelia to befriend him, and with no madness to serve as his shield in the days when he is finished hating and sees his own folly, Louis the peasant who became a lawyer in order to achieve Isa Fondaudège, daughter of a rich family, traverses in this first person narrative the story of his own miserable life, its bitterness, covetousness, hate, anger and lust. He had brought some wealth of his own to a marriage that at first promised happily. It was the wealth of a sort his penurious but loving mother had managed to lay aside for his career: all of her avaricious, grasping, peasant instincts he also inherited.

His greed and his devotion to the accumulation of a private fortune are obstacles that separate him completely from the wife who, indeed, had once loved him better than she loved those children of his to whom she was to devote her narrow, and in one way selfish life. The contradiction in the character of this man, who spoke of his heart as a "viper's tangle" of passions, is that he is painfully sensitive to what he believes to be his wife's preference for their children, sensitive to any cant or smallness in the action of those children who, after they grow up, marry and return to the ancestral home, waiting impatiently for the miserly father to die and leave his huge fortune to them.

The particular artistry shared by all of Mauriac's fairly recent novels springs from his genius for creating memorable characters. The self-torturing introspection of Louis, his logical analysis of the faults he knew to be his but would do nothing to change, above all his perception of the direction of that living hell to which he was bringing himself, resolve themselves without any show of artifice on the author's part into the leading motive of the plot.

Also, the depiction of Louis as a wealthy, provincial French lawyer who, all through the days the Dreyfus trial was agitating the nation, made the young abbé employed as the instructor of his children the butt of all of his harsh jokes, is a stroke of narrative faithfulness recognizable as the painting of a type, once for all time.

Those of the old lawyer's grandchildren whom he saw any favor in died in their youth. There were none of his living relatives he did not hate; he lived only for the pleasure of letting them crawl to him for the bequests they thought he would

leave in his will. His revenge was to devise a plan whereby he might disappoint them all by leaving them nothing. He failed in this only because love came into his life in the form of God. A late day it was for this new emotion to possess him. His wife was dead; we hear him mourn, as one who felt that nothing else in life would have figured against this overwhelming urge, this desire to love all whom he had hated. Although the final chapter ends on a happier note, Mauriac allows his protagonist to epitomize himself in lines that are a crucifixion of the spirit.

"Those whom I should have loved are dead. Dead are those who might have loved me. As for the survivors, I no longer have the time, or the strength, to set out on a voyage towards them, to discover them. There is nothing in me, down to my voice, my gestures, my laugh, which does not belong to the monster whom I set up against the world, and to whom I gave my name."

One last glance at a form of Catholic literature as yet unmentioned, the autobiography. This following story is one of several choice anecdotes to be found in the *Memoirs* of Count Albert Apponyi, the late Hungarian statesman and patriot, one of the best known international Catholic figures of the late nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He was born in 1846 and knew most of the famous men of the world of his own day intimately. And his own day, as it happens, ended only in 1931. He speaks of a scene at Richard Wagner's home in 1876 that for presentation and vividness as a story is exceptional.

"In the middle of the hall stood the huge piano, at which Liszt sat down, and filled our souls with the mysticism of Beethoven's last works. The atmosphere in which we listened was essentially that of the rehearsal in Budapest, but the absence of any accompaniment, and the thought that we were in Richard Wagner's house, gave it a character of its own. As on that other occasion, Liszt seemed once more to have surpassed himself, to have established an inexplicable, direct contact with the dead genius whose interpretation for him was a religious task. When the last bars of that mysterious work had died away, we stood silent and motionless. Suddenly, from the gallery on the first floor, there came a tremendous uproar, and Richard Wagner in his nightshirt came thundering, rather than running, down the stairs. He flung his arms about Liszt's neck and, sobbing with emotion, thanked him in broken phrases for the wonderful gift he had received. His bedroom led on to the inner gallery, and he had apparently crept out in silence on hearing the first notes and remained there without giving a sign of his presence. Once more, I witnessed the meeting of those three—Beethoven, the great deceased master, and the two best qualified of all living men to guard his tradition. This experience still lives with me and has confirmed and deepened my innermost conviction that those three great men belonged to one another."

This, and other colorful experiences, crowd Apponyi's large volume. As an autobiography these *Memoirs* are a statement, simple and terse, of the art of existence as it was practiced by one Catholic

gentleman throughout a succession of years that gave birth to some of the most revolutionary social and political changes in the history of the human race. The same man who had seen Wagner come flying down the stairs in his nightshirt had been in Rome when Papal infallibility was defined in 1870. He had represented Hungary at the Peace Conferences after the World War. In short, his life was the sum of that Catholic expression which his glowing words modestly record.

But possibly Hilaire Belloc conveys a sense of the full Catholic life (which as an element of Catholic literature I have attempted to suggest) better than any other contemporary in these lines of Sonnet XVIII. They were dedicated to his wife:

"When you to Acheron's ugly water come
Where darkness is and formless mourners brood
And down the shelves of that distasteful flood
Survey the human rank in order dumb.
When the pale dead go forward, tortured more
By nothingness and longing than by fire,
Which bear their hand in suppliance with desire,
With stretched desire for the ulterior shore.

"Then go before them like a royal ghost
And tread like Egypt or like Carthage crowned;
Because in your mortality the most
Of all we may inherit has been found—
Children for memory: the Faith for pride.
Good land to leave: and young Love satisfied."

IN PRAISE OF AMBER

By Carol Coward

FAMOUS traders were the Phœnicians, that strange and fascinating race of ancient days, inhabiting part of the coast of Syria extending down to Mount Carmel, and colonizing Carthaginian regions.

In England they are still remembered on the Cornish coast. Running down that long flat peninsula to Land's End in the Cornish Riviera train, one notes the many tin mines, most of them long deserted, their relics of earthworks still a distinct feature in the general landscape. One pictures the dusky-hued, fine-featured lovers of beauty, keen traders and accomplished sailors, who probably hailed in many cases from the Carthaginian colony. They ran a brisk trade in Cornish tin.

As traders the Phœnicians were preëminent. There was a commercial treaty between King Hiram and King Solomon as early as 990 B. C. Like the Etruscans, a highly gifted, artistic race who were commercially active fifty years before the birth of Christ, these Phœnicians were probably artists. They chose to work among things beautiful.

They were almost certainly the earliest traders in amber; and first introduced it into Europe, probably starting digging on their own Syrian coast. A small amount of amber is still found there. Finding, with their inherent business instinct, that their native amber had no great value decoratively or commercially, they later brought it from the Baltic by way of the Rhine and the Rhone. This amber was considered exceedingly precious and was in great demand.

It is interesting and in keeping with the known character of this remarkable people, to picture how jealously they guarded their wonderful secret of the origin, source and method of procuring the precious amber. They must have kept hidden their trade routes and their knowledge, as fine seamen, of winds and currents.

For instance, it is uncertain whether the Sicilians knew of the Sicilian amber, which is remarkably colorful. There is a ruby red variety, a garnet as well as a green and a blue. The bright color is said to be due to volcanic influence, some of it coming from the neighborhood of Mount Etna.

The Phœnicians probably knew of this and displayed their cunning in concealing the fact. In any case, history relates that they declared definitely the whole district to be dangerous in the extreme. Phœnicia alone, with skilled sailors, might dare to seek treasure there.

The *Odyssey* testifies to Phœnician amber trading, seamanship and cunning, in the lines treating of the swineherd Eumæus and his Phœnician nurse; who, he tells Odysseus, planned kidnaping the child, while gold and amber ornaments from Phœnicia were being displayed. Pope's translation speaks of

"A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray."

The origin of amber is as mysterious and fascinating as the traders themselves.

One looks with mingled reverence and awe at the beautiful stuff, realizing that all amber is many thousands of years old and perhaps was formed even a million years ago. Also, in our mechanical age it is refreshing to reflect that it cannot be manufactured.

It is like a fairytale to dream back across the ages to the time when Northern Europe was tropical, and the foliage of its vast forests luxuriant. There among palm trees, aloes, oaks, cypresses and others grew magnificent pine trees. One of these, known scientifically as *Pinus Succinifera* produced the gum which is amber. In these vast forests grew mighty cedars, magnolias, poplars, walnuts, vines and tulip trees. And here, also, was the home of the American mammoth redwood tree.

Not the life of one variety of these conifers alone went to the making of glorious amber. It is the product of several extinct species, one being very similar to the American *Thuja Occidentalis*, which is said to have considerably outnumbered the rest, thus yielding to America the palm in having the largest share in amber production.

There is proof positive of the forest species as remains of leaves, blossoms and particles have been found encased in the solid amber. It is an amazing thought that human eyes may rest on such fragments of nature of thousands of years ago, still safe within this "limpid lump with light refulgent" as an American poet of our own time has finely described amber.

The lives of amber seekers were packed with a romance and thrill befitting their glorious objective. From a now famous tractate by Hartman published in 1677 a fair idea of amber trading from the earliest times has been obtained.

There was the period of the "amber scoopers" who, in searching for amber torn from the sea-floor, used an immense pole with a net attached to its end. In the bitter cold of Samland, on the Baltic shores in the depths of winter (the best amber months), fishermen would sally forth armed with "scoops" and cuirasses of leather with huge pockets. In these they stowed any amber found. So cold were they at their work in the sea that fires were always kept burning on the shores to thaw them before they could either work or return home. Some were swept away by the waves, even though parties were roped together for protection and dug their poles deep into the sands for support. Up to two hundred years ago such methods were usual.

Sometimes, in clear seas, amber could be seen and loosened by spears and brought up by nets. This was still more risky work. Later, dredgers were used and regular mining began in Samland. But here also were risks and difficulties. Water entered the mines and all was often lost. Then the amber was often hidden among fossil wood débris and other matter and was not detected.

Later, following the use in coal mines, pumps and tools were introduced. Romance is still to the fore. We read that the work was carried on to the "slow and monotonous

melody which the overseers sing." Men, women and children all worked, and as the trade became systematized it was necessary to safeguard against theft. Every miner was carefully searched before leaving. Here is the first hint of the sordid element which eventually crept into this industry and perhaps finally ruined it. The "amber riders" formed a picturesque crew, riding out into the water at low tide. Divers did their part, using wooden spades. As at present in amber districts storms were welcomed for masses of valuable amber were found afterwards.

Very early in the story of amber trading we hear of monopoly. At first, the finder was the owner. Then, in the fifteenth century the German *"Ritterordnen"* took possession of Prussia and with it came virtually a monopoly in amber. Severe laws were passed and the death penalty was inflicted for amber theft. Gradually these laws became less severe and the amber industry more systematized. Yet so complex were they that one reads of the struggle between capital and craftsmanship as existing even before the middle of the sixteenth century.

Being so beautiful, it comes as a pleasant surprise to learn that the precious resin has been found all over the world in every age. The Stone, Iron and Bronze Ages bear witness to it. It seems to have been found chiefly in the form of beads. It has been discovered in Egyptian tombs of about 3200 B. C., in the lake dwellings of Central Europe, and in England. In South America, however, until fairly recently, no use of amber had been discovered. Some beads have now been found in Lake Guatavita. It is believed that these were thrown into the Lake to save them from the Spaniards. Some are of fine red amber; others gray and dark brown.

From the very earliest ages people of all countries have appreciated its beauty. On the quiet shores of East Anglia to-day, if the fisher folk, normally reticent and even secretive, have an inkling that one is a "native" and understands, many interesting tales may be heard. During summer remote little Dunwich, of ancient ecclesiastical fame, and Walberswick, farther up the desolate coast, and charming Aldeburgh may appear sufficiently sophisticated. But once the "foreigners" depart things are different. Old seamen talk of the splendid times in winter when rough seas cast up all manner of treasure on this low-cliffed wild shore. It is reminiscent of the old smuggling days and something in the manner of the telling is a call for discretion.

"Winter's *our* time!" an old salt will volunteer, looking far out to sea. "Yes, we are up at one or two in the morning on the shore *waiting! That's* the time. We *find* things!" he will almost whisper.

Then one hears of huge masses of seaweed flung up on the shingle and of lumps of amber, some still worth a five pound note that are found firmly entwined in the luscious, soft-fingered seaweed. There are other "finds," useful also.

"Yes," said one, "we find coins—a purse—ornaments." "From wrecks?" "Ay, Ay. But 'tis the amber as counts!"

The far away seaward look returns and the usual silence. He is thinking of the coming winter.

There is no regular amber trade

on that coast. It is believed that it is swept across by the waves from the primeval amber forests on the Baltic shore. But the shops of small towns nearby gleam with these treasures of the seashore.

With its qualities of beauty, mystery and romance, the mention of amber can be found in all the literatures of the world. We find references to it in Holy Writ; thrice in Ezechiel. One such reference is specially striking: "A whirlwind came out of the north . . . and a fire infolding it and brightness was about it, . . . and out of the midst of the fire, as it were the resemblance of amber."

There are, of course, numerous allusions to amber in the classics. A reference has already been made to the *Odyssey*. But the most delightful of all is that in which Ovid, in the *Metamorphoses* tells the Greek story of the supposed origin of amber.

Some fine lines are to be found in these verses concerning the Heliades, those sisters of Phæton, who, wishful to drive the chariot of the Sun, losing control, set Earth afire. Zeus intervening, Phæton was slain. Seeking him, his sisters, the Heliades, finding his grave, wept ceaselessly, shedding amber tears.

Some interesting references to the well-known story occur in Milton's "Comus":

". . . Amber from these sisters thus forlorn
Distilleth downe, nice dames for to adorne."

And in Moore's "Lalla Rookh":

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept."

Tennyson's lines on amber are full of charm; specially those from "The Lover's Tale":

"The loud stream
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
. . . ran amber towards the west."

But to a modern American writer has it been reserved the honor of writing most beautifully and understandingly of amber. The first part of the poem "To a Piece of Amber" follows:

"Limpid lump with light refulgent,
Tawny tinted, cold yet warm,
Whence has come your mystic beauty,
Your alluring wondrous charm?
Are you blood of Forest monarch
Slain by the storm King's might,
Clotted in earth's cold bosom
Through ages of Arctic night?
Or tears of a Druid Maiden
For a lover found untrue?
Tell me the tragic story
That is hid in the heart of you.
Are you frozen Sunshine,
Chilled by a world unkind,
Or the golden pearl of an Elfin Earl
Whose castle none may find?

"'I *am* blood of Forest Monarch
I am tears of a Druid Maid,
I am congealed Sunshine
From the haunts where Elfins played.'"

(*Walter S. Park.*)

Among great writers of all ages who have alluded to amber we recall Bacon, Ben Jonson, Carlyle, Christopher Marlowe and Pope.

Amber has been used much in Europe and especially in England for objects of devotional art. In pre-"Reformation" days it was usual for fine rosary beads. Reference to these are to be found in many ancient bequests. One made at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, in 1504, by Anne Baret leaves to the Lord Abbot her "grete bedys of whyght ambyr," supposed to be a complete rosary.

Among notable examples is a fine amber crucifix, which belonged to Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette. This was supposed to be the work of Carolus Marutus, one of the most famous amber carvers. It is on a base containing a little door. This door opens showing a praying monk. The cross is of amber; the figure of the Christ of ivory. At Arundel Castle, in Sussex, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk is a fine amber mount for an ivory crucifix, with an amber skull below. There are also corresponding candlesticks in amber.

Many amber beads and necklaces of considerable value have been found in Anglo-Saxon graves. But the outstanding amber find in any European tomb is the famous amber cup found in a tumulus at Hove in 1857 and now in the Brighton Museum. It was found by workmen in a rough oak coffin. And amber experts from all parts of the world visit it, as well as the humbler amber lover. This cup is two and a half inches high and would hold about half a pint. It has one graceful handle, the proportions and workmanship are very fine. A cup was also found near Dorchester in 1882. But this was in many pieces.

Curious facts about amber in relation to insect and plant life are frequent and of peculiar interest.

Martial, in classic times in his *Epigrams* writes delightfully of insect preservation by entombment in the fossilized resin. The lines translated below are among the most charming:

"Here shines a bee closed in an amber tomb
As if interr'd in her own honeycomb.
A fit reward fate to her labors gave;
No other death would she have wished to have."

These better known lines of Pope mention the fact but without apparent appreciation of either amber or nature, and seem to strike a false note:

"Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs and straw and dirt and grubs and worms.
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there!"

Fragments of leaves, feathers, and naturally, particles of species of many pine cones have been found encased in the resin.

As one would expect legend has clustered around amber. From the days of Pliny's *Natural History* to the present time this folklore has persisted. Amber has been held a cure for delirium, fevers, earaches, weak sight and even insanity, either worn as an amulet or distilled and mixed with other liquids, or honey.

Apart from folklore, it is still occasionally used in asthma and whooping-cough and as part of a liniment for chest trouble. But,

medically, the triumph of amber to-day rests on a rumor that the precious gum is used in connection with the transfusion of blood.

Somehow magic and folklore seem more in keeping with romantic amber! Cut in quaint forms it has been used against "the evil eye" and witchcraft. Possibly the amber cigarette mouthpiece is a relic of such use. There are to-day instances of amber worn as a safeguard. The Shah of Persia is said to wear a piece as a protection against assassination.

The wearing of amber near the throat has been prescribed for the cure of chills. There is a modicum of defense for this theory, in that amber takes the temperature of the body almost at once and retains it, and never is cold to the touch. Perhaps the most pleasing and romantic of all the legends is that which promises a voyage to the dreamer of amber.

For the practical-minded, one solid fact may be stated. For ages in the world's history amber ranked in value next to bronze and iron and was considered equal, if not superior to gold.

Holding a small piece of this "limpid lump with light refulgent" in one's hand and peering half shy and fascinated into those wonderful, colorful depths, strange dreams are dreamt, strange fancies gather. If space is small, it is yet ample to hold visions dim but beautiful of dusky amber-laden Phœnicians bending low beneath their precious burden in the days of amber's greatest story. The sorrowful Heliades hold their place and, ever weeping, still add luster to the miniature amber rivulet within. The shiver that betokens "a lover found untrue" needs little conjuring up.

And those of Northern climes may bask in spirit on the cold of winter days in that "congealed sunshine" that appeals to the least appreciative of the legion of amber lovers. To America alone is it given to glimpse within that precious fragment, in *Thuja Occidentalis*, the life blood of ancient forest trees of her own land; this huge conifer having been discovered to have occurred in northern amber regions in a proportion of about ten to one of every other pine. The dream of an American should be the rarest and fullest of enchantment. He may live again in those primeval forests in some way specially his own. He is happy, in that the life-blood of the mighty amber-giving giant flows to-day in the trees of his own land. Amber is part of his glorious heritage.

SAINT PATRICK'S PURGATORY: LOUGH DERG

By Bryan M. O'Reilly

IT was the Saturday before the first Monday in August, which is a Bank holiday in Ireland, and all preparations were made for the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. It had taken some courage to commit one's self to the venture, for the pilgrimage had a notorious reputation for hardship. The sun was shining on the gray colored friendly slate roofs of "dear dirty Dublin," it glinted upon squinty windows, and lit up with a soft glow the brick facings of dignified Georgian houses, as I walked across town to take the final precaution before embarking for the north. Across Merrion Square, skirting its tall palings which lead into Nassau Street which is broad, clean, and open; and along to its junction with Grafton Street, where I turned up towards Stephen's Green. "A penny, Sir, for the love of God, and may His light shine upon you," whined a shawled figure on the corner, and as my hand moved to my pocket her praises forestalled me, "Mary be between you and harm, that's the grand gentleman, sure I can tell the quality out o' the corner of my eye." Breasting the gay Grafton Street shopping crowd: medical students, country gentlemen and their families "in town" for the day, seminary students in somber black, clerks and girls hurrying to lunch, soldiers in uniform and officers in mufti, with the balance Rathmines and North Circular Road housewives; all the bustle of Dublin's busiest street, I turned aside to find myself in the doorway of the Wicklow Hotel. It was not the best hotel in town, but it was justly renowned for its good and solid food, and that, strange to say, was what I was after. It was going to be four long days and nights before anything better than black tea and oatmeal cakes was to pass my lips, and it was as well to be prepared.

Michael met me in the lobby,—he had come to wish me Godspeed,—and we made our way to a table by the wall; four men sat between us and the window, farmers by the look of them. As we pulled our chairs in, and ordered two bottles of Bass and corn beef and cabbage, the smallest of the farmers, with a face like a weasel, remarked to all and sundry, "Oats is up." "Indeed it's not up," answered a big heavy man with jowls on him, "less than the rise of a penny a bushel and that's nothing." "Many's the feet have trod the path you're taking to-day," remarked Michael, watching the head form on his glass, "little did St. Patrick think of the many that would come after him." I knew little of the past history of Lough Derg, and knowing Michael to be a man full of information, questioned him. "What was the start of the Pilgrimage?" He waited while the heavy fellow opposite declared, "Cattle is down twelve shillings the hundredweight, we'll all be in the poorhouse soon and I've my place bespoke," and then, with the candidate for the poorhouse buried in a pint of porter, answered me. "Before St. Patrick went out to preach the Gospel to

pagan Ireland, he retired to the island in Lough Derg and remained there fasting and praying for forty days, sheltering from the weather in a little cave. That was about A. D. 432. When he died the fame of this place spread, and many went there to do penance from all corners of the land." "Was there a shrine built there, or a relic of him?" I asked, my eyes on the weasel-like farmer balancing a pea on his knife. "No," replied Michael, "there was never anything there but the bare rocks and the cave, but it was a place of great grace for the penitent, and soothing to the soul."

We tackled our meal in silence for a spell, with only the clink and clatter of the plates and the soft but burly murmur of the Irish voices for company. I cocked my ear at the lilt of a bespectacled man a few tables away, whose voice proclaimed him from Cork city. Dublin, I reflected, was as full of Cork men as was London of Scotch. Michael spoke then as if continuing a train of thought. "There's few nowadays that would believe that the Lough Derg pilgrimage was as famous during the Middle Ages as that to St. James of Santiago or the tomb of à Becket at Canterbury, but it was so. Men from all over Europe made it." I opened my mouth to ask a question but Michael swept on, "Many's the knight and gentleman that in expiation for some crime was commanded to go and fast on the lake at the edge of the western world, a cruel wild journey it was then into the edge o' beyond." "How is it no one remembers that?" I asked, "never a word of it ever came my way." Michael started to speak, but a syllable was hardly out before the big chap in the window drowned him. "'Twould drag the heart out of a man to have him working in the ditches with the soil clinging to his spade." "Begor," said one with his back to me, "but we must kape the place clane." Dragging our minds away from farmers' problems, Michael went on. "St. Patrick's Purgatory was well known during the Middle Ages, as I've said before, and many came to it from all over, until the Reformation killed it entirely, except for the locals. What with the wars and the Schism, coupled with the remoteness of it, it drifted out of men's minds. The Irish went of course, until Cromwell's time." Michael's good-humored face clouded as he brooded on Cromwell; very deeply has the iron of that name bitten into the Irish mind; and full of curiosity I prodded him. "What had Cromwell to do with Lough Derg?" I queried. "He destroyed it altogether," came the answer, "along with everything else, bad cess to him." He crushed a roll viciously between his fingers; "he sent troops to the island,—a place of Popish superstition he called it, —they must have been Colonel Jones's men for he commanded in those parts,—and leveled all with the ground, not a stone did he leave up or a trace of the cave; obliterated it was."

The waiter took our empty plates and brought another Bass. Michael scowled at him absently. "And that was the end of it I suppose until recent times?" I broke in. "By no means," said my companion, "there were those that always went, on the quiet like, even during the Penal times." He continued, "Since the time of the Protestant Ascendancy them that ruled at the Castle tried to discourage it. Peasant foolishness they called it, but it

grew again despite them, and now look at it." With a scraping of chairs and considerable commotion the four farmers were moving out. "Whitewash," said the man I've called a weasel, "would be the very thing for it." "You'd do wrong," came from the broad back of the heavy man, the rolls of flesh bulging over his collar, "pebble dash it man, look at the elegant front the P. P. has on the house, you couldn't beat it in the county, an' it pebble dashed by Paddy Clancey's eldest boy that went for to be a contractor." Michael drained his coffee and glanced at the clock: "The strange thing about Lough Derg," he said, lighting a cigarette, "the strange thing about it, is the way it's kept its character: there's a church and a confessor, but no shrine, no banked candles, no relics, and devil a crutch or a stick; nothing but the sharp stones and the water and the weather and the solitude. A man's alone there in the middle of his fellows, to do penance and find peace." "Tell me, is it as hard as they say?" I asked him. He looked out the window and ignored my question; "it's an old trail of penance that you take this afternoon, and as they say in the Gaeltacht, 'may the sun and the moon and the stars shine upon you' on the way."

Time was flying, I paid my reckoning, shook hands with Michael, and away with me on a side car. We rattled over O'Connell Bridge, while the gulls screamed over the Liffey and the smell of it rose up; Guinness's barges piled to the gunwales with barrels of porter, puffed up and down, and the Liverpool steampacket lay below us. Passing the Custom House and the Transport Workers' Union we plunged into the network of mean streets — broken-down gentility— which lie between Nelson's Pillar and Amiens Street Station. Up the ramp with a clatter and a flourish, and, paying the jarvey, into the domed immensity of the Great Northern Railway terminus, the modern gateway to the north.

Four hundred odd pilgrims were milling about the platform as I moved down it in search of the companion who had persuaded me to join him. I found him at the door of a third-class carriage valiantly attempting to occupy two corner seats. A small, slight, dark-haired man, with a pale face, whose influence spread in a remarkable manner through the seamy side of life amongst Dublin's poor. By day he was a prim, efficient, colorless, public servant; after five o'clock he became a modern St. Francis whose light step was known and welcomed in the poorest tenements and worst brothels of the Coombe. Hundreds of derelict girls and destitute men knew him and loved him and owed him much. We stood by the carriage door on the lookout for the other members of our party. A tall florid man, portly, and expensively dressed, passed us by, poking his head into the next carriage. "Wasn't that Hannigan?" I asked, and he nodded. Hannigan is one of the most powerful figures in contemporary Irish life; brother-in-law to the President of An Dáil, Chairman of the Irish-American Oil Company, and dynamic figure in the society of the day. The Irish *Times* had that very morning featured his speech to the Dublin Chamber of Commerce. My eyes wandered over the crowd again. There were two pretty girls, typists maybe, and

behind them a middle-aged woman, who, as they say in the Midlands, was "beef to the heels like a Mullingar heifer." A smart gray-haired man hurried by, a retired soldier by the look of him. An old woman in a black Sunday bonnet upon which the sequins glistened, said in a loud whisper to the youth at her side, whose raw red hands were overlong for his black coat sleeves, "sure hasn't he the grand head on him, not but there isn't a Protestant cut to it."

Suddenly, "Sheedy himself," said I, nudging my companion. Down the platform came a tall grizzled figure all of sixty years, arms akimbo and thumbs in the armholes of his vest. Sheedy the Cobbler. I expected him, for I'd heard that he made the pilgrimage every year, but to see him in the flesh was another thing. In his youth he had served with Roberts on the march to Kandahar, a military shoemaker he was then, and a shoemaker he was still. He was a familiar figure in his shop at the corner of Baggot Street below the bridge, sitting on a low stool in a huge leather apron surrounded by scraps of leather and boots of all sizes and shapes. He was a first-class shoemaker and a famous drunk. Rain or shine he'd go on a bat each Saturday night and belt the life out of his poor wife. There was no holding him, the craving for the drink had such a grip on him. None knew it better than himself, and it was that which took him year after year to Lough Derg. "It's long indeed will be my time in Purgatory," he'd say, "if I don't land in a worse place altogether; maybe the good Lord will remember the hours I've spent on the rocks at the island, and I may creep backwards into heaven that way, God pity me." Yet there wasn't a poor child or an old woman in his neighborhood whose shoes he didn't mend free gratis and for nothing, using the best of his good leather for the work. Here he was on his yearly "amends" and I knew the quota of pilgrims was complete.

Just then down came the station master, his swallow-tailed coat flying, his top hat—the badge of authority—askew, under his arm the red and green flags of his office. All scrambled for the carriages, there was a slamming of doors, the platform was emptied; the swallow-tailed one whistled and flapped a flag. A jerk, a couple of asthmatic snorts up ahead, and we were off; in a few moments we were sliding by the Hill of Howth all purple with the heather and with the white needle of the Bailey Lighthouse in the distance.

The train gathered speed and the telegraph poles whipped by us, dancing up and down. We made few stops, roaring through Malahide, Skerries, and Balbriggan to Drogheda, where they keep the head of Blessed Oliver Plunket, and "the Boyne flows into airy stillness." Leaving Dunleer behind us Dundalk was the next stop, where long before St. Patrick's time, Cuchulain held the Gap of the North. Then Castleblaney, Ballybay, and Newbliss and along the borders of beautiful Lough Erne to Enniskillen, where we took on water. We were drawing near the Donegal border now, tearing through Fermanagh, and about nine in the evening drew into Pettigoe, a small scrap of a place and the nearest point on the railway to Lough Derg. It lay across the hills there in the dusk, four good Irish miles, and we tumbled into *char-à-bancs*.

There's that about an Irish road that clings to the memory, a bare white dusty ribbon that winds within the land; in Donegal a scarce, uneven, stony land, all hills and masses of grayness where the granite is forever poking through the soil. The mistiness seems to shroud it and give it a distinctive charm and other-worldliness which grips the heart; and when the glimmer of the sun breaks through the cloud banks it seems to dance on the countryside. There's a white-washed and thatched cottage here and there, but not enough to clutter the landscape, and a horse or a cow, or a man maybe moving through the fields. Every now and again as you mount a rise you'll glimpse water with a silver sheen on it, low in the valley rimmed round with the low lonely hills. That's how we came upon Lough Derg that Saturday evening. The island was a wee mound half a mile odd across the black water. For in these northern loughs the silver sheen of the distant view turns to ink when you come up to it. "The heart of the lake's as black as that of the Sassenach," says an old Biddy near-by it, "an' deeper than the pit."

Great black boats that had a Viking look about them took us to the island. About forty of us went over at a time. The men who manned the long sweeps were the wildest you ever saw, regular kerns, with their hair matted over their foreheads in the remnants of a "glibb." Those that hid in the rocks and the bog holes when Cromwell's troopers raped the place must have been the dead spit of such; time moves so slowly in the byways of Ireland. Crammed up on the thwart amidships against me was the prettiest girl you could imagine, with a skin "with the whiteness of the blossoms on the briar" and hair as soft as silk, she had the flat Dublin accent which marks Rathmines, and was full of wonder for what would happen, for like me she was coming out for the first time. The other side of me, with an elbow in my ribs as big as a leg of mutton, was a burly man with a northern turn to his voice. He looked as if he belonged on the seat of a Guinness dray, but told me that he sold plows in Armagh. Comfort and spaciousness were not to be had at St. Patrick's Purgatory. The priest of the place met us with a blessing as we landed on the shingle. All we could see was a low stone chapel, as gray as its surroundings. We found later there was another, St. Mary's, and two ugly dormitory-like buildings, which is just what they were, one for the men and the other for the women. Into these we were herded, and then deprived of our shoes, our socks, and our hats, and left naked to the elements. When all were landed we were served with black tea and oaten biscuits, and were at liberty to turn in on the close ranked truckle-beds provided for us. The exercises did not start until the following morning. Silence was universal.

Now began one of the most remarkable experiences it has been my lot to participate in. The badinage of adventurers was stilled, the salty remarks of our motley throng were shut off, each man retired into himself. The island was small, rocky, and bare, denude of any vegetation. There were two small stone chapels on it, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, the two large hostels, and that was all. Sharp rocks and broken ground abounded with no

shelter from the elements, the hostels were not open during the day, and bare feet and bare heads were the rule. Except at rare intervals silence was enforced, and once a day, in the evening, a meal of black tea and oaten cakes was served. There is but one set devotion on the island, "the Stations" and for the rest every man is left to himself. The throng moves about barefoot and preoccupied. "The Stations" are not as you might expect, "Stations of the Cross," rather they are mounds, "raths" as they are called in Ireland. Sharp and flinty hillocks with rough stone and obdurate rubble paths around each and connecting them; they form a bleak and stony calvary. There are seven or eight of them, and one I remember on the water's edge, where you needs must kneel in water while doing it. Each pilgrim must do at least six "Stations," that is make the complete round of all six times, while he is on the island; for the rest you wander or sit or lie on the rocks as you please, and meditate. The way of it is this: you kneel before each individual Station in turn and say nine Our Fathers, nine Hail Mary's, and nine Glory Be to the Father's, at the end of the series you kneel again and nine times repeat the Creed. Your time is your own.

We were turned out by a bell on Sunday morning, and with some hundreds of others I commenced my Stations. Each one takes close on a full hour to do. The way is hard and you can neither hurry nor choose your spots. You may be one of the powerful of the land, wanting for nothing, but now you are one of a human chain united in penance, and you must measure your steps by those of the old woman in front of you as she stumbles along. Behind you, on one occasion may be a friend, on another some stranger from afar off, it is no matter. Your feet and knees are bare to the rough stone. Patiently you stand until those ahead move forward and then in your turn say the Hail Mary's, Our Father's, and Glory Be's, with the stone cutting into you. Moving slowly to the second Station he who follows takes your place. There was rain and wind all that Sunday, it beat into your face and made your clothes damp and clammy, but the procession went on regardless. After one complete round I withdrew, and sitting on a rock, smoked and watched until noon. At twelve everyone packed into the little Chapel of St. Patrick to hear Mass. The afternoon passed in the same routine, I did four more rounds of the Stations, resting at intervals. It was an unforgettable experience to watch the crowd. Passing by on that afternoon I saw a cross section of Ireland toiling through their purgatory.

There was my companion, who was a saint on earth if ever there was one, though his right hand knew not what his left hand did. A yard or so behind him, between a mother and daughter and a young man, was a girl whom I knew he had taken from a brothel and brought to the island. Old Sheedy the shoemaker making reparation for his drunkenness and his wife beatings. A big six-footer, behind an old woman kneeling in the water, I knew to be the owner of the largest brewery outside Dublin. Alongside of him was a beautiful girl well known in society, and behind, kneeling side by side, was a servant maid from a house I often visited and a man who had ruled an Indian province with an iron

hand. Soldier, sailor, beggarman, thief; tinker, tailor, and candlestick maker; they were all there united in bareness of feet and heads, tossed by the wind and bruised by the stones, pilgrims and penitents together. The day was unpleasant, gusty and rainy as I have said, but the elements seemed to make no mark upon anyone, nor cloud peoples faces.

About six we broke our fast with the usual black tea in tin cups and wheat cake, and then came Stations of the Cross in the Chapel. After that half an hour of talk and recreation, before the hardest ordeal of all, the night vigil. With the close of the day the mosquitoes played havoc with our bare feet and heads, yet the groups gathered around the rocks and on the shore seemed to mind them little. Young and old, male and female, mingled together during this rest period and introductions were neither required nor expected; you spoke to whom you pleased. The night's vigil was hard: the chapel was stone flagged and bare of benches, the crowd was terrific and your neighbor supported himself on your back when the stone wore out his knees; the damp odor of humanity became overpowering as the night wore on. Every hour a priest came to say the Stations of the Cross and the congregation swayed as it tried to follow his movements along the path of Calvary. Twice during the night all were turned out of the chapel into the cool darkness for fifteen minutes to refresh themselves; the stars were glorious but the air down by the water's edge was damp and chill.

Morning broke at last and at six o'clock on Monday morning Mass and Communion completed the vigil. That morning some did more "Stations" but the majority sat or lay on the rocks. A constant stream entered St. Mary's Chapel and made a general confession covering their entire past life. In the afternoon I resumed my round of the "Stations." The day was bright and sunny and the whole island lightened up, the shores of the mainland were magnificent in their changing colors. At six black tea and bread again and recreation which was spoilt by a shower which brought out clouds of mosquitoes. Stations of the Cross and night prayers completed the day and at ten we sought our truckle-beds in the dormitories for the first time since Saturday night.

On Tuesday the day started with Mass and Communion at six, followed by the Papal Blessing, and from then until noon all did as many "Stations" as they could crowd in, for at twelve we were to leave the island. The Stations and the paths between were hidden beneath a constant moving stream of penitents. Wherever you looked people were in the act of kneeling or of rising to move forward to the next Station; they were like the ripples of the sea. No sound broke the stillness, here and there you could see lips moving, but for the most part only faces, of every age and rank and condition, preoccupied in prayer. It was as if a mighty army was storming heaven —"O God, Who did vouchsafe to send blessed Patrick to preach Thy glory to the Gentiles, grant, through his merit and intercession, that what Thou commandest us to do, we may be enabled to accomplish." Our boots, socks, and hats were returned to us, the great black boats came across the water, grace and

beauty in every sweep of the blades, and we said "good-by" to silence. The pilgrimage was over, one last injunction remained: we were pledged to fast, except for our usual meal of black tea, until Wednesday morning.

The journey back to Dublin was a merry if a hungry one, all the pilgrims were united in a bond of common experience, and were reluctant to break up into their component parts. In my carriage on the return trip, were Sheedy the Cobbler, Ashton an Insurance man, a Miss Blanche Kelly who worked in a Government Office, and an old lady called Mrs. Bolton. There was one other occupant, an elderly man, who by his voice hailed from around Athlone, but who gave little information about himself. Barring Sheedy and myself who had a nodding acquaintance with each other, we were all strangers, but the days on the island had broken the ice. We had shaken down comfortably when I said to Sheedy, "How many times does this make it, that you've done Lough Derg?" "It will be the twelfth time without a miss," he replied, "and I did it once before as a gossoon away back in old gods' time." "Isn't it a wonder people wouldn't get sick," chimed in Miss Kelly, "what with the bare feet and the damp and all." "Them that follows St. Patrick's example," said the cobbler, "has him looking after them above, sure an' he wouldn't let a soul catch cold that went to his island. In all the long years that I've been there, and God preserve me they're more than I like to think about, devil a sick one have I seen; nor known of any to be taken indisposed either." Mrs. Bolton, who had been gazing out of the window, turned round—she had a face like a bit of Beleek china—"I'm coming up to seventy," she said, "and by no means strong, but this is the third year I've made the pilgrimage, and never felt the least bit the worse for it. If I went out bare-footed in the garden, I'd be in bed the next day." "There must be something in what you say," she went on, smiling at Sheedy.

"Was there ever any cure at Lough Derg?" asked Ashton, addressing the company in general. It was the stranger who took him up. "Aye, there have been cures at Lough Derg, more than any will ever know about, but they are cures of the soul rather than the body: many's the suffering man, and woman too, I've known to go there uneasy and come back in peace." He stopped to light a pipe, first asking the ladies' permission, and settled in his seat. "There was a man out our way, it's years ago now and he's gone to his reward this long time, and he was always terrible restless. There was no peace in the man," he waved a pipe stem at the company to emphasize the point. "The old people round about told us how he'd had a hand in the Land League troubles; maiming cattle maybe and burning houses like, and maybe worse, for there were cruel things done in those days. Whatever it was it sort of preyed on him, for he was a restless, shiftless man, with a furtive eye in him and no love of the police." The story-teller looked around and, well pleased to see us all attention, he went on. "Well, old Father Rafferty, that was P. P. in those parts in them days, was always after him to make Lough Derg, but he'd always have one excuse or another. One year, to be free of the

pestering it was, so he said, he went. He was a changed man after that, as quiet and peaceable as you could wish, and a quietness on him that was wonderful. The old shiftiness was gone entirely and he became a great favorite with the children; what's more he'd sit as bold as brass on the bench and not a wink or the turn of an eyelash out of him when the Sergeant of Police and the Magistrate would be round for Sessions. The people noticed it. He died a death that would edify a saint, and the wake stripped the countryside." He knocked the dottle out of his pipe on the window. "Cures is it? Sure who can tell the cures in a man's soul, but himself; we all know 'tis not for a farm, or a rich widder woman, or a good price for the heifers, that we go to Lough Derg."

The rattle and sway of the train, as it rushed through the country, soothed us all; we were tired with fasting and lack of sleep, and each settled down to his own thoughts. I dozed: Michael's farewell words came back to me, "may the sun and the moon and the stars shine upon you." That was an old pagan greeting before the time of Patrick, what moved him to use that instead of the more common "may God and His Holy Mother protect you"? Lough Derg, Derg, Derg, sang the train over the sleepers and ties. There was a Chief on the shore of the Lough; bare-headed, fair-haired, the locks down to his eyes in the characteristic glibb, he wore tight-fitting hose and half mail, and a frieze saffron cloak. No, it was Chaucer's Squire, he with the locks curled as from the press, a short gown with the sleeves long and wide. A Cromwellian Captain, Clottsworthy; in buff leather and steel was directing troopers who tore down the stones; how was this, a teacher of the hedge schools, a vagrant bard, how did it go "in the strong grip of the years, drawing violently on the days of grayness," he was gone; and there was Roger kneeling at the "Station," — that couldn't be, he died in Flanders mud. At peace, the island peace, He said, Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you—look not upon my sins. Don't bang on that oar, what's that! "Luggage Sir?" "Cab Sir?" "Cab Sir?" Amiens Street Station, back in the world again.

SOMETHING NEW IN UNIVERSITIES

By John Brown

THE organization of higher education in Russia is quite different from anything that we know in the Western world. Everything is subordinated to the needs of industry. Thus, if the Commissariat of Heavy Industry reports difficulty in obtaining mine managers and technicians, an order will probably be given to the Education Committee responsible for the Donetz area, and the foundations of a new technical college will soon after be laid. In some cases students who had been qualifying for one branch of industry were urged to begin another subject at the end of their first year certificate course, as there was already a sufficient number of graduates available for the first branch. One student I met in Moscow had started out to qualify as an electrical engineer, with the aid of a State scholarship of 200 rubles a month. After a year he had been switched over to constructional work. He was not unhappy at the change, as his father had a good post in a newspaper office, and was saving money in the Second Plan Loan—which pays seven per cent interest to investors. In the Tartar Republic I met other scholarship students, who were not, however, so well paid as my Moscow friend. One girl, who is at a teachers' training college, told me that her scholarship was very small, but she maintained herself during the vacations by conducting parties of tourists round the palaces and museums.

The boast I had heard in the Commissariat of Education to the effect that the system was completely democratic, and that any boy or girl with ability could win through to the university was largely justified. In the outlying republics, however, chief attention is being paid to the liquidation of illiteracy, and the lack of books and transport press heavily on students. The universities confine themselves rigidly to the teaching of "practical" courses, and there is no real equivalent of the foreign arts degree course. A lecturer at Kazan University told me that it was criminally foolish of Western instructors to draw a sharp dividing line between the theory and practice of the arts. "Hardly any of your teachers have worked in industry," he said, "and so it is impossible for them to understand the problems of the workers, and to train boys and girls to meet those problems."

I asked him how he got over these difficulties. Boys and girls, he said, must be taught to use tools from the earliest age. Many children had a natural dislike for tools and machines, and hated the hour devoted to this work. "But it is good for them," he said, "they make things, even if they make them badly, and so begin to think constructively." The greatest advantage of this type of training, he considered, might be the implanting of the idea that manual labor was a noble activity. Few universities have residential hostels attached, and the practice is for students from outlying districts to reside with fam-

ilies approved by the college directors. There is little or no supervision over the activities of students outside the lecture-rooms, and any sort of ceremony or dignity is eschewed. A student committee is elected by each college, which is responsible for the maintenance of discipline, and there are apparently no cases of rowdyism to deal with.

Some of the students I saw were very unlike English and American undergraduates. In the towns frequented by tourists large numbers of them are speculators on the "Black Exchange"—buying foreign currency to use in the closed *Torgsin* stores, where luxury goods are sold—and I heard unconfirmed stories of young Jews who had made huge profits.

The college directors I met were very interesting men. Many of them had been abroad, and I gathered that the majority of them had been exiled or in jail at different times, and their conversation was full of lively anecdotes. They made no attempt to deny that political "rightness" played a large part in the securing of appointments, and, indeed, supported the extension of such methods. Few of them would admit that there were any flaws in Soviet educational practice. An English-speaking economics lecturer I met near Stavropol, however, confessed that as yet only the fringe of the problem had been touched. Western people who had not lived in Russia could not realize the tasks facing Russian teachers, he said. "A good teacher in Russia must be both a shepherd and a drill sergeant." He had taught for a time in the adult schools, and spoke of the pitiful backwardness of the peasants. They could be made to believe anything, and it was necessary to press them into the right mold, otherwise they would never be good proletarians.

"Socialist competition" between colleges is encouraged, and the Moscow officials spoke highly of the results obtained. "Shock-brigades" of students are selected by opposing colleges, and there is a keen struggle for diplomas and certificates. At one time the miniature factories attached to the technical institutes were prominent in these competitions, but it was found that written work and attendance at lectures suffered as a result of the energy expended in the workshops, and steps were taken to cool the ardor of the "brigaders." Colleges vary greatly, as does the standard of instruction, and there has been a controversy over certificates of efficiency awarded to incompetents in the Eastern republics.

Attached to most universities there is a "Political Academy," where young men and women likely to make propagandists or organizers are trained for positions in the party and the Home Office Police, who are really the old G. P. U. In Moscow there is also a large academy for foreign students which at present houses a considerable British-American contingent. There are no age limits for entrants to these institutions, but most of the men are in their late twenties or early thirties. The instructors, needless to say, were chosen for their "advanced" views, and one man had actually written a book advocating that husbands and wives should not live in the same house as it tended to prejudice the breaking-up of individualist family life!

English has supplanted German as the second language in the schools, and the circulation of the *Moscow Daily News* — the only newspaper printed in English which may be circulated — has shot up rapidly in the last few months. Several of the girls at Kazan University could speak English well, and one of them told me that women teachers had equal chances with men so far as promotion was concerned. "But the pay is not the same," I told her. She admitted this, but said the reason was to limit the number of girls applying to enter the training colleges. I noticed that none of the really important posts were held by women, however, and there was an all-male directorate of the Commissariat.

The history books used in the colleges contained some curious descriptions of post-War events, while Trotsky's share in the 1917 revolution was omitted. Most of the workers in Britain and the United States, it was alleged, were living wretchedly under a brutal tyranny, and strikes and acts of violence were of everyday occurrence. Propaganda was introduced into every subject. Students studying English were using the Communist Manifesto and other early works of Marx for translation exercises, and in the introductions to elementary economics there were always pages of abuse of the "bourgeois" thinkers abroad.

Great efforts were being made everywhere to encourage university students to take up sport. A few years before, the drive had been in the opposite direction, as the government had feared that young people might be distracted by games from the pressing tasks of industry. *Subbotniks* or free days of labor were asked for, and willingly given. In the last two years, however, intensive campaigns have been carried out to popularize football, volley ball, tennis, and baseball. The results were not satisfactory, and the medal scheme was then introduced, with great success. This medal shows a man striding over the red star, while underneath are the words *Gotov k trudu i oborone* —"Ready for work or defense." The medals are awarded to men or women who can pass a series of fitness tests, which vary according to age and sex. All winners must be able to swim, jump, cycle and run well. There is one other qualification—skill in shooting, bomb-throwing and handling a heavy cartridge-box. The scheme was almost killed in its early stages by the swagger of the first winners, but the lowering of standards and the broadcast speeches and newspaper articles of the Commissars have obviated this difficulty, and weekly tests are held all over the Union.

Experiments are now being made in organizing teams in the colleges for various ball games, but the uncertainty as to which game will prove the most popular and the difficulties of transporting men and equipment militate against any rapid developments.

Great importance was attached to the practice of public speaking. In England this is left in the hands of the college or school debating societies, the standard of which is often as low as the membership. But in Russia virtually every student is a member of one committee or another, and one of the aims of the "mass initiative" drive is to make everyone capable of thinking on his feet. The best-known debating society in Britain, the Oxford Union, rarely has an attendance of

more than ten per cent of the total number of students in the University, and the percentage of members who actually speak is of course much smaller. But in Russian colleges all available students go to debates, and all present speak—or would if time permitted! One of the officials of the students' committee at Gorki University told me that when everyone was able to make speeches there would be no danger of demagogues seizing power through misleading the masses! She added that great care was taken to prevent the reëmergence of anything like class-distinctions. A special committee attended to this, and students who showed symptoms of swollen-headedness or who "talked down" to peasants were liable to be recommended for dismissal or suspension. Students were always encouraged to take an active part in the social life of the town in which they were living, and there were usually liaison committees in existence between colleges and the more important local factories, although these were only formed at the request of the college directors.

The actual methods of teaching in the universities are much the same as elsewhere, save that less importance is attached to essay-writing, and "practical" work of some kind is always insisted on. In the case of girls studying languages, this took the form of frequent visits to power stations and factories, where demonstration-talks were given by officials. The girls also organized poster displays in the towns, demonstrating the advantages of hygiene and cleanliness.

The university libraries vary greatly, while all of them suffer from the ban or restrictions on well-known foreign books. Philosophy students, for example, are unable to obtain Nietzsche's best-known work, as it is held that Zarathustra might fill the heads of his readers with individualist fancies. Such restrictions are curious in a system which prides itself on its courageous experiments.

TABB AND WORDSWORTH

By Emile Kessler

THE opinion is common among critics that Father John B. Tabb, standard bearer of American Catholic poetry, had but slight acquaintance with William Wordsworth, high priest of the poetry of nature. One of them holds that the acquaintance was limited to the poems included in the *Golden Treasury*. Francis A. Litz, who speaks with chief authority, claims that it was at most cursory, and offers evidence to prove that in his nature poetry Father Tabb was influenced chiefly by his friend, Sidney Lanier, who in turn, was influenced by Shakespeare.

The fact that a considerable variance exists in the attitudes of the two poets toward external nature seems to add weight to this belief. Wordsworth is deeply introspective. With few exceptions, his poems are pointedly moral. His thought is rigorous and without humor. Father Tabb, on the other hand, delights in the sensuous display of earth and sky, much after the fashion of his beloved Keats, whose poems he kissed with tear dimmed eyes after blindness had deprived him of the ability to read them longer. Wordsworth was imaginative; Father Tabb's mood was usually fanciful. He seldom rationalized about nature. His priestly faith was sufficient unto him, and nature was for him ever the expression of God's infinite largesse.

His manner is essentially metaphorical; but when he occasionally moralizes upon nature, as in "Glimpses," the resemblance to Wordsworth becomes so striking that one is tempted to disclaim a merely slight acquaintance. It might be argued that the influence is indirect, coming by way of Bryant, for whom Father Tabb evidently had a sincere regard. It is only necessary to compare the wording of this sonnet with the phrasing of "Thanatopsis." Bryant admits his indebtedness to the English poet, for he says that, after reading the "Lyrical Ballads," he felt "a thousand springs to gush up at once in my heart," which caused the face of nature to change of a sudden "into a strange freshness and life." Despite the fact that Father Tabb's preferences in American literature were almost as geographic as his politics, he paid Bryant the additional compliment of fashioning his "To a Wood-Robin" after the New England poet's "To a Waterfowl."

In proof of his contention that Father Tabb was well acquainted with Wordsworth, the writer offers in evidence a collection of the English writer's poems which was at one time the property of the priest-poet. The book apparently was well read, as there are frequent notations and underscorings of passages or of entire poems. The writing is in the small, somewhat angular chirography which was characteristic of Father Tabb. The book must have been the companion of many a poet's hour, since it is well thumbed. Inserted between its pages are the tiny manuscripts of

two poems, the one unfinished, the other subsequently revised and published under the title, "Withdrawn." The incomplete poem reads as follows:

"Where now the laughter, where the sighs
That wakened since the world began?
'Alas,' the hollow wind replies. . . ."

The lines which follow are crossed out and are illegible. The original wording of "Withdrawn" bears the date, September 21, 1903. This is the version:

"I miss thee everywhere,
E'en things unknown to thee
Thin lights and shadows wear
As if for memory.

"Where thou hadst never been
There seemest now to come
A presence still unseen
Save to the eyes of some."

The poem was published in December, 1906, in the following form:

"I miss thee everywhere,
The places dear to thee,
Familiar shadows wear
Henceforth for memory.

"And where thou hast not been,
Thou seemest to repose
As near, though never seen,
As fragrance to the rose."

In studying Father Tabb's copy of Wordsworth it is interesting to note that the underscorings and notations are limited to the sonnets, a few of the reflective poems, and —strangely enough—to only four of the lyrics. Most important of all are the passages which he checked in "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," which poem is commonly accepted to be the most complete expression of Wordsworth's attitude toward nature. It is evident, however, that Father Tabb was as much interested in the sensuous beauty of word and image as in the thought and emotion of the marked passages. Such lines as,

". . . mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur . . ."

and

". . . little lines
Of sportive wood run wild,"

would naturally appeal to one of his ready appreciation of the beautiful. Besides these passages, he also underscores the following familiar lines in which the burden of thought is clearly of primary importance:

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

That Father Tabb was not insensible to the moral fervor of Wordsworth is evident from his checking the following significant passages:

". . . that best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"

and this:

". . . in this moment there is life and food
For future years."

His poem "Immortality" is strikingly similar in tone.

The poem, "There Was A Boy," makes a particular appeal, for he underscores the title heavily. He also notes these beautiful lines:

"At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills."

Likewise the following:

"And, when it chanced
That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents . . ."

Other reflective poems which Father Tabb checked in the table of contents are "The Simplon Pass" and "The Fountain." It is difficult to determine Father Tabb's interest in the latter poem as it is clearly one of Wordsworth's poorer efforts. The poem, "Nutting," appealed to him, evidently because of its deftly presented imagery and gentleness of emotion.

The "Evening Voluntaries" is also favored. He checks the following lines:

"Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party-strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be: nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords . . ."

The only elegiac poem which he marks is the quatrain, "To a Child":

"Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

It is apparent that Father Tabb agrees with Arnold in holding that the best of Wordsworth's work is found in the shorter poems. Despite an expressed lack of interest in the sonnet as a medium of expression for his own thought and feeling, he certainly did not scorn it in the reading. He marks with the familiar "X" or two "X's" a number of them in this book according to the strength of their appeal to him. In the index he checks off only No. VI., "Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland." It is apparent that the unusually strong imagery of this lyric caught his fancy. Other sonnets which appealed to him are the popular "Scorn

not the Sonnet," one of his favorites; "Nuns Fret Not," "To the Author's Portrait," "To Sleep," "Composed upon the Beach Near Calais" and "Composed upon Westminster Bridge." In the last mentioned he checks the line,

"The river glideth at its own sweet will."

The sonnet, "Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge," makes a strong appeal. He checks the following lines:

"Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die."

Sonnet No. LVII., "Most Sweet It Is," bears the honor of a correction by Father Tabb. The clause, "if path be there," he alters to read, "if path there be." Beneath the correction he places his initials, "J. B. T." Other sonnets which he checked are "The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome," and No. LIV., "'There,' Said A Stripling." The beautiful sonnet, "The Virgin," is not included in the volume.

As expected, he marks the title of the ode, "Intimations of Immortality," but does not make any notes on the text. On the other hand, he makes notations on a number of the shorter poems. If it be recalled that Father Tabb found tremendous delight in the sensuous beauty of his literary preceptors, Keats and Shelley, it will be easy to understand his lack of interest in most of Wordsworth's long reflective poems. He was a technician to whom perfection of form appealed as a motive. He was a musician, like Lanier, but less strident in his effects. It was logical, therefore, that he interest himself in those poems of Wordsworth which most closely answered his own demands for exactness of form. The English poet's thought upon nature was surely not far removed from Father Tabb's, except that it was more deeply self-conscious and imaginative. The elder poet's lines,

"Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought,
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion . . ."

might well have been in Father Tabb's mind when he wrote:

"The woods have voices, and the sea
Her choral song and threnody."

And particularly these lines:

"My God has hid Himself from me
Behind whatever else I see."

Father Tabb checks in the index these lyrics: "To the Cuckoo," "To A Sky-Lark," "To A Highland Girl," and "The Solitary Reaper." The last two are marked with two "X's." His opinion of "The Redbreast and Butterfly" evidently underwent a change. He rates it "poor enough," then partially erases the phrase and writes beneath it, "poor." He pays a poet's tribute to "I Wandered

Lonely As A Cloud" by the notation that it was "Born 15 April, 1802." Beneath "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal," he writes as follows: "According to Mr. Walter Raleigh, Wordsworth's highest effort. 'The achievement of a lifetime.'" Evidently he read not only Wordsworth, but also his commentators. He notes that "Stray Pleasures" is "poor." The narrative poems held little interest for him, the only one receiving a notation being "The Force of Prayer," which he justly considers "weak."

The certainty that Father Tabb had a considerable interest in Wordsworth is not proof that he was consciously influenced by him. A student who frequently read to Father Tabb from his favorite poets remarked to the writer that he owned only a few copies of the English poets. Upon his graduation, this young man received from Father Tabb a few of his favorite books, including his copy of Keats and the well-worn copy of Wordsworth which is the basis of this paper. He presented him also with a biographical narrative of his own life, written with pencil and approximately filling the pages of an ordinary theme book. This sketch has unfortunately been lost. There was also a long letter from Edmund Clarence Stedman, eminent American critic, signifying his intention of including a number of Father Tabb's poems in the forthcoming edition of his *American Anthology*. This letter, which contained a valuable criticism of Father Tabb's poetry, has also disappeared.

The critics may still insist that there is little in Father Tabb's poetry to indicate more than a genuine appreciation of Wordsworth's attitude toward external nature. The elder poet's "impassioned contemplation," as Walter Pater characterizes it, was more or less alien to him. Father Tabb required no such proof of the existence of God as Wordsworth sought in field and forest. Nature afforded him endless allegorical thought to illustrate and substantiate a faith which was definitely and completely a part of his personality. Wordsworth's extreme naturalism and his occassional pantheism — although relieved by touches of deft mysticism —had little in common with Father Tabb's Catholic conception of a personal deity who was either the subject of his poems or at least permeated them wholly.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THE great figures in the history of civilization, men like Socrates and Sophocles, Virgil and St. Paul, St. Francis and Thomas Aquinas, Leonardo and Galileo, have never been governed by any consideration of private financial advantage. It is a hard but a true saying that the class which has succeeded in the essentially unsocial financial competition, the class known in popular mythology as the "money power," has never given vitality to culture or kept civilization alive. It is not the wealthy or the leisure class, but very devoted, hard-working teachers and artists like those mentioned above who have advanced civilization. They succeed when the forms of beauty and the ways of life for which they sacrifice themselves slowly find acceptance.

—Sempronius, in *Scribner's*, June.

The Nazis' philosophy is clear enough. They have not hidden it. Professor Krieck and Bernhard Rust took advantage of the Heidelberg celebration to restate it. Professor Krieck said emphatically, "We do not recognize truth for truth's sake, nor science for science's sake. The science of a nation is the expression of its total life, bound by the necessities, directions and purposes of that national life. We seek a science that forms the human character in accordance with our racial and political task." That is clear enough and they are free to seek that science if they can find it. But why then are we there? How can we collaborate internationally for so purely nationalistic an aim?

—Dorothy Thompson.

No amount of sympathy and admiration for the many real achievements and great purposes of the Administration can, I believe, justify silent acquiescence in a policy of warm-hearted indifference to the fact that we stand today at a point where the subsidizing of pressure groups without resolution to resist them threatens to become the established practice of the Federal government. Until that threat has been met and dealt with, it is a paramount issue for those who believe that the responsibility of a government is not only to its living constituents but to those who will come after them. For no other reform can mean very much once a democracy has become generally habituated to the receipt of subsidies.

—Walter Lippmann.

In a democracy, all students who are capable of higher education should be given equality of opportunity to pursue it. This has been the theory, but not the practice. Many students capable of higher education have been denied an opportunity for it, and multitudes of students incapable of higher education have been admitted and given the illusion of enlightenment. Obedient to the motives of aggrandizement and humanitarian or quantitative service, the State universities have sought to provide all sorts of education for all sorts of students.

The result has been a growing solicitude for the inferior, who are many, and a corresponding neglect of the superior, who are few. No important steps are being taken to secure the best students and give them a sound education; much is being done, instead, to secure the less able and the least able and to give them any sort of education.

—Norman Foerster, in *Scribner's*, June.

Today, instead of "fun," we learn to speak of "entertainment-value"; instead of Tories we have "the forces of reaction"; instead of games, "recreational facilities." Instead of swords and guns there are "casualty-producing weapons." We no longer work together: we "co-operate according to a co-ordinated plan." We do not work whole-time, but "on a whole-time basis." We do not hunger or starve; we exhibit evidences of malnutrition, or our diet is characterized by protein deficiency. A book is not instructive; it has a high education content. A frontier is not "defined" nor "fixed," nor even "determined," but "delimited" or 'demarcated."

—A. P. Herbert, *What a World!* (Doubleday, Doran).

We [Catholics] cannot hope to influence anyone merely by a statement of our beliefs; we must put them into practice. The counsels of the Gospel are to the non-believer just so much pretty talk if nobody guides their lives by them. We Catholics have had the answer to the whole mess for 2,000 years, but never thought to use it. The time has come, as Peter Maurin says, "to blow the dynamite inherent in the Catholic message." Without it, all our puny attempts at social legislation, business regulation, etc., are as nothing. It is a philosophy we must change, not a set of laws. It is only by scrapping the material philosophy to which the world subscribes today, in favor of a spiritual one, that we can hope to bring about a permanent change.

—William M. Callahan, in *America*, May 16th.

Pope Pius XI, a few days ago, knelt before the tomb of the first Pope, St. Peter. Many Popes lay in their sepulchers around him. It was a rendezvous of Popes. . . . Nearby were ten Popes martyred by ancient Rome. Rome thought it could kill the Papacy by killing Popes. If the Roman Emperors could have lifted the veil of the future and seen Pius XI in the year 1936, reigning over 325,000,000 people spread through the continents of the world, they would have said: "What's the use? We can't kill the Papacy." . . . If Joe Stalin and Hitler and Cárdenas could peer into the years ahead and see the Popes down to the end of time, they would say: "What's the use? We can't kill the Papacy."

—The Parader, in *America*, July 11th.

There was one thing about the two national conventions on which practically all correspondents, regardless of their personal and political views on other questions, agreed. This was that they attained a new high mark for absurdity, stupidity, silliness, mediocrity and drivel. . . . No other civilized people pretends to choose its rulers to the accompaniment of screeching, jibbering, jumping, maniacal hysteria of the kind that would disgrace a tribe of Zulus.

—*World-Telegram* (New York), June 30th.

It is a noteworthy fact that, although the Catholic Church was the

most vehement enemy of the smutty, nauseating films of a couple of years ago, those same organizations have been the first to recognize the cultural and educational values of many present-day cinema offerings. In lending their support to really worth while films they have done more for the motion picture industry than all the other groups who have sought to tear down Hollywood without lending a hand during the reconstruction period.

—Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.

Nor was he [Chesterton] an advocate—and what a thing it is to be able to say of any writer or speaker in England today that he does not advocate but tells. Nearly all that men say and write with us is mere advocacy. In our public life the thing has grown to be a universal disease. All is special pleading and special pleading undertaken as is the special pleading of the lawyer, that is, undertaken for personal gain. We attempt to obtain the truth on any matter, even on small practical matters, by the new strange process of reading contradictory falsehoods proffered by opposing brief-holders—commonly hired. We think that in a balance between the two unreal extremes we may grope at something approaching fact. In the midst of such a chaos Chesterton's voice and pen proclaimed not selected evidence but the thing that *was*; the thing that he saw and knew.

—Hilaire Belloc, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, July 4th.

Christians should remember that it is not the business of the Church to do the same thing as the State—to build a kingdom like the other kingdoms of men, only better; nor to create a reign of earthly peace and justice. The Church exists to be the light of the world, and if it fulfils its function, the world is transformed in spite of all the obstacles that human powers place in the way.

—Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State* (Sheed & Ward).

The race question is so acute at this time that you can't speak about it too often. People confuse individual heredity with race heredity. Individual heredity is a scientific reality, but to speak of "race heredity" is nonsense. What we know as "race" is largely a matter of environment. There is no such thing as "pure" race. All European races are mixtures of many stocks, particularly so wherever you have a large group. Germany is one of the most mixed stocks in Europe, and it is pure nonsense to speak of a "Germanic race."

—Dr. Franz Boas, anthropologist, quoted in *The New York Times*, July 1st.

There are times for recurrence to first principles. This is one of them. The governments of great nations openly flout and scorn everything associated with democracy. For inquiry and deliberation they substitute force, naked and merciless. For the right of people to be heard they substitute the obligation of dumb brute obedience. Diversity of opinion is called weakness, and the concocted lies of propaganda are offered as knowledge and wisdom. All around us, even in America, voices are heard saying that democracy is dead, that only its funeral awaits.

—Charles A. Beard, quoted in *The New York Times*, May 21st.

ENJOYING ENGLAND'S INCONVENIENCES

By Mary Sinton Leitch

"YOU have spent a year in Devon? And housekeeping too! How delightful!" exclaim my friends with that enthusiasm which Americans are so ready to show for things English.

Delightful? Yes; on the whole, it was. To anyone who may consider doing likewise, I should say, "Do, certainly." Yet many "don'ts" would follow to qualify the ardor of that imperative.

Americans seem to have discovered abroad the supposedly undiscoverable secret of perpetual motion. Save for those who remain in England, many of whom become more English than the English themselves, there are few who try the experiment of country life "on their own." Perhaps they are deterred by ignorance of the ways and means of finding a suitable dwelling. Yet there are agents in every town as well as reliable advertisements in the London dailies. The question of expense need not cause them to hesitate; there are homes to suit every purse; nor, if the budget admits of renting only a humble house, need they refrain for fear it may lack conveniences. It will — but so also will the more elaborate mansion.

I asked my Devon cook whether there were any frigidaires in the country. "Is them the kind of 'ares you stew in brown gravy?" she asked me. To her all 'ares were rabbits, whether frigid or otherwise; — sufficient indication that mechanical ice, so well known in London, was rare in the countryside.

As one of my qualifying "don'ts" then, I would say: Don't expect when you rent your house in the country to have housekeeping made easy for you as it is at home. Your wood bin will probably be in the cellar; your milk will be delivered in shockingly unsanitary fashion in an open vessel; the scullery where you wash your dishes will be a weary way from the kitchen and the kitchen from the dining-room. But the wood that you have to "tote" up cellar stairs will need no splitting, for it will have been brought you in tidy little packages called simply "bundles," by a gamin from the corner grocery. Your milk, in its insalubrious container, will cost so much less than it does at home that you will feel well compensated for an extra million germs or two. And as for the distance you will have to cover on going about your household tasks, during the greater part of the year you will be, when indoors, so cold that the more steps you have to take the better.

Doubtless Admiral Byrd could give you more valuable advice than I as to how best to equip yourself for the indoor rigors of an English winter. Suffice it to say that any woman who intends to wear her silk or georgette gowns must not fail to lay in a generous supply of handkerchiefs and aspirin. Be you man or woman, you will require heavy under-things—to which the English give the delectable name of

"woolies"—but even with these you will hug the open fire, turning to it first one part of your anatomy then the other, while your breath is smoke upon the air.

Though in the country home of the better sort there may be a furnace, it is sure to be so small as to be almost invisible to the American naked eye. To find it you will have to walk through endless sculleries, such as most of the larger English houses possess, — for no reason I could ever discover unless to make sure that the servants have plenty of exercise. There in some remote Neolithic chamber you may at last come upon the thing that is so ironically called a heating plant, only to be puzzled that so insignificant an object can be a source of such vast pride to its owner.

Don't stay in any English house over night without first making cautious inquiries about the temperature!

Of course even if you are one of "those rude Americans," you are not ill-mannered enough to ask outright whether a thermometer in the guest rooms is likely to register below freezing point. The other members of my family joined with me in developing quite a successful technique in the matter of investigation. The invitation received, we would open with our prospective host a discussion of British trade. This would bring us quite naturally to the subject of coal; the consumption in the British Isles to consumption in the home, and consumption in the home to the individual amount that our hospitable friend was wont to burn in his own furnace. Thus, without betraying any personal motive in our pursuit of information, we would discover whether a house were one where we might safely venture to spend a week-end. Alas, the result of our plotting was invariably the same!

There was one beautiful Georgian home where we especially longed to visit. It lay so peaceful and alluring in the midst of its wide acres and cool streams. But on pursuing our customary routine of inquiry, we learned that the four enormous drawing-rooms, seventeen bedroom suites, and great reception-hall which, with its imposing heads of deer and rugs of bear, seemed to us as spacious as "the times of Queen Elizabeth" — we learned that all these vast apartments were "heated" by a furnace that consumed two tons of coal a month! We declined the invitation, though with bitter regret.

In your own house, whereby I mean your own rented house, if you cannot keep warm you can at least regulate your actions according to the temperature of the room. You can, for example, be as late for breakfast as you please. I learned how, by dressing very slowly, to do so without worse than endurable suffering. Mustering courage by a strong effort, and reflecting the while that I was thus strengthening my will power, I would fling off the bed clothes with one heroic gesture and with a bound reach the open fire. There, revolving like a spinning top before the blaze, I would don one garment and, before the deadly cold could do its work, I would leap back into bed. After warmth had again stolen into my veins, the same process would be repeated. Thus at last, fortified by my "woolies" against the dreadful necessity of negotiating the hallway and stairs, I was ready to venture forth to meet the chill of a new day.

"How about the morning shower?" some one may exclaim. Let the brave—the bold—the iron-hearted bathe in England before breakfast! For others like myself the bath in an English house is a matter for cautious forethought and wise planning.

In the bathroom of our Devon home were pipes leading up from the kitchen stove. For their sake we pounced upon the lease and signed it before giving a thought to the general fitness of the place. Ah, how we should linger over that morning tub, revelling like porpoises in the water! We were all happy as children, and moved into our new quarters breathless with expectation. But the water in those pipes did not circulate. They served only as a sort of frigidaire to maintain an even temperature of forty degrees or less!

Yet with the aid of an electric heater your own bath, even in England, can be warmed. But in a guest bath you are helpless. To ask for a stove would be to imply that your host's central heating plant is not fit subject for pride.

No, the only course to take when you are invited to visit at an English country house, save perhaps during July, August, or an exceptionally fine September, is to decline and stay at home. Go for an hour's chat during which you need not leave the drawing-room hearth. There will be compensation for a week-end foregone, in the incomparable cup of tea you will drink before a cosy fire—a fire that will burn more blithely for being not only an ornament but a necessity. There will be fruit cake, paper-thin bread and butter, several kinds of homemade preserves, and if you are in Devon or Cornwall clotted cream of as intense a gold as the daffies in your host's spring meadows. Watch your English friends as they cover their generously buttered bread with jam and then on that spread lavish spoonfuls of the thick cream, see with what vast relish they eat the rich concoction, and then explain if you can why England is a nation of slender men and women!

Why is such tea as the English offer you never to be found in the States? You may buy the same brand, prepare it in identical fashion, but it will lack that subtle flavor which so fills the heart with benevolence toward one's fellow men. Don't bring a supply of your favorite tea leaves home with you, then, as I did. You will never succeed in making in the United States an English cup of tea!

One of the difficulties of your housekeeping will lie in the language. Those of us who remember the ancient nineties are familiar with the saying that there are three kinds of English—the English language, the Andrew Language, and the English slanguage. A further classification is needed now, for during the past generation America has evolved a tongue very different from that of Albion. Especially do the homely words vary from our own. I asked my grocer for molasses when I should have asked for treacle, and he duly delivered at my door a peck of cattle feed. And one morning the price of my ignorance was a weary trudge through the rain because I had appealed to a passer-by to direct me to a hardware store instead of to an ironmonger. In the cities the word hardware would have conveyed my meaning. Not so in the country. There a movie house is a cinema

and a dry goods store is a draper's shop, and if your linguistic powers are weak you may have to do without pictures or clothes!

If you betray your nationality prices will soar. The British merchant does not believe in our overseas depression. At any tale of hardship you may tell him he will lift a sluggish eyebrow and put up the price of tea by another penny. Yet how can you guard against discovery? I believe an Englishman would detect the American accent and shudder even—to quote Maud's lover—had he "lain for a century dead." I remember flinging two or three words out of my car at night, by way of asking a group of youths on a street corner which of two routes to follow. It was not my appearance that betrayed me; they could not see me. Yet one of them replied, "Take the right turn for *Mit*chigan Boulevard!" while another sang out lustily, "To the left for Chick-ah-go!"

No, you will not succeed in disguising your accent. Nor will you be able always to make yourself understood in the American vernacular. When an English friend tells you that the weather is top-hole, you will know at once what he means. But if you remark that he appears to be top dog in his home town, he will stare at you uncomprehendingly. You must learn his language; he will not learn yours;—fortunately perhaps, for while the American tongue is pithy and vigorous, it is moving away from history and tradition.

More than by the English language you will be dismayed by English weather. Do not fail to lay in a generous supply of umbrellas, raincoats, arctics, galoshes, rubbers, and rubber boots. Let these last be of a doughty stoutness, coming too, well above the knee, else they will not serve you save perhaps for a run to the corner grocer when you can catch a moment between showers.

Hope dies hard and during the first few weeks of your English winter you will look every morning at the dour sky and believe that tomorrow the rain may cease to pour. Perhaps you are of a philosophical bent and can school yourself to like bleak weather. Or yours may be the poetic mind which can achieve the conviction that no other rain is so soft on the cheek as the English rain, that none other clothes the hills and fields in such mysterious allurement. Well, you will have ample opportunity to cultivate your philosophy or your lyric fancy.

Perhaps it is the grayness of the landscape that has led the English people to take even their fun seriously. They walk with a determined stride as though bent on an errand of life and death. And they wield a mashie with faces as grim as though they were committing murder.

If you would not be made to feel uncomfortably foolish, do not touch on any serious subject with the customary American lightness. When you have an amusing story to tell, label it first as funny, then speak slowly that the humor may have time to penetrate. Above all, do not mix frivolous subjects with grave. They blend in Britain as northern and southern blood do in Ireland.

I was a guest a few months ago at luncheon in one of the charming homes with which Devon abounds. The conversation turned on the great Army and Navy Stores of London. "I believe they sell everything!" I exclaimed. "If I were

to ask for a secondhand pulpit I am sure they would have several to show me."

"Why, what would you do with a secondhand pulpit?" asked my hostess in consternation.

"Fancy now," murmured my neighbor at table. "How could you use a secondhand pulpit?"

"I can't think," said another puzzled guest, "what *good* a secondhand pulpit could possibly do you —unless," she hesitated a moment —"unless you—"; there she halted, deciding, no doubt, that as I wore no uniform I did not, after all, belong to the Salvation Army.

Yet to assert that the British people lack a sense of the ridiculous would be to convict one's self of ignorance both of their literature and their race. Probably their ability to draw the marrow of humor out of a situation is greater than our own. That they are practical humorists was demonstrated during the Great War. The man who can joke about the bullet that takes off his leg is not over solemn. During the great strike too a feeling for comedy was a strong asset to the nation. Sprightly hordes of men and women ran the 'buses and even the locomotives, taking the strikers' places with amazing efficiency, and turning into a lark an adventure holding potentialities of dire disaster. All honor to a people that, with splendid whimsicality can meet a crisis of disaffection and laugh it down!

Nevertheless while we are in Britain we shall do well to remind ourselves that our hosts will be as bewildered if we introduce a bit of drollery into a serious discussion as we should be if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to inject a pun into the midst of a prayer.

If the English take their pleasures with grimness what shall be said of their attitude toward their responsibilities? Among the landed gentry at least there exists a fine sense of obligation to the community. At a great country estate in Devon, where, exercising our usual caution, we made only daytime visits, we discovered something of what constitutes the supposedly idle life of an English country gentleman.

Our host rises at six to begin his daily round. He inspects his farm, his dairy, his forge and electric plant, his greenhouses and gardens, his horses, pheasants and fox hounds, and those parts of his five thousand acres that may demand his attention at the moment.

And his "leisure" may be regarded as typical of that enjoyed by the majority of great landowners. Yet how dull is idleness compared with such fruitful activity! — that of maintaining a great home and thus not only nurturing the individual life in dignity and beauty, but also aiding the country to keep inviolate those traditions which are the mainstay both of her body and her spirit. There is perhaps nothing in England to-day more touching to the heart of one who, in these times of Murphy beds and canned music, still cherishes an ideal of home, than the effort many English country gentlemen are making against heavy odds to hold their ancestral acres.

Yet often the struggle is vain. The face of England is changing. The present is triumphing over the past. The motor horn blows down her winds drowning out the thud of horses' feet. Many a green thicket where the pheasant's plumage gleaned and the whir of the

partridge startled on the quiet air has been cleared for the building of a bungalow as abominable to its surroundings as an oil station would be in the heart of the Grand Canyon. At the side of many a Devon lane the weathered old gray walls have been leveled that sunlight may dispel the dampness or that the road may be widened for the safer—or swifter—passage of cars.

What an intimate thing is a lane! —with the sweet hawthorn so close on either side that your very spirit is housed in walls of blossom;—and with the shy primroses too in their stone crannies so near that in all the world there is no care, no sorrow, no cruelty;—there is nothing at all save spring.

But the lanes are passing. England that has so long been old is becoming new. Soon you will be able to rent a house with all conveniences, and will drive to market along a highway where you can speed so fast that you will see neither primrose nor hawthorn.

The English are puzzled by American lament over this modernization. They are incredulous of our love for England. They are not aware that to our eyes the mists on a Cornish moor wreathe and curl into the shapes of Arthur and his knights; that on our ears along any ancient road may sound the tramp of Cæsar's legions; that in our hearts when a nightingale sings there beats unendurably the pulse of a young poet's longing and pain.

And because they do not know or will not believe, I beg of you who may read these words, when you go again to Britain, do not speed from place to place. Take a house and, even though it be for a short time only, establish a home of your own. It is in the market basket hung over your arm that you can best carry from door to door your message of good fellowship. It is your own cosy tea-table that will convince with its friendliness those grouped about it before your own hearth fire. You can be an ambassador of good will to the country that we in the depths of our hearts so love, and that is looking upon us more and more as aliens.

What are a few physical inconveniences, a paltry obstacle of language, a blank stare or two when you attempt a joke? By making sport of these things—behind closed doors—you can learn even to enjoy them.

I once heard a guide call out, as he led a party of tourists to the Shakespeare monument in Trinity Church at Stratford, "This is a bust of William Shakespeare who died after three days' drunken debauch." There was a tragic significance in the surprise my English friends felt at my indignation. What? An American care about such a matter?

"To die . . . to sleep . . . to sleep, perchance to dream" . . . : Can we not teach England that we do care? —that to us too that dreamer is sacred; that his dream is ours as it is theirs; our tradition, our pride, our own peculiar heritage?

"THERE WAS A MARRIAGE"

By Carol Reynolds

KATHLEEN wanted suddenly to laugh aloud . . . and over nothing at all, really . . . except . . . to release the lovely risings of happiness that began in her toes and rose and rose till they came out in gurgles at her throat. Life was, all at once, so gay, so full of promise . . . of unbelievable things . . . full of Richard . . . the exciting reality of him. . . .

The Ford roadster with its stiff curtains flapping asthmatically against the winter wind, stopped for a traffic light. . . . The sharp outline of Richard's profile in the ruby gloom . . . heavenly, to droop a shoulder against the rough great coat that guided the car . . . odd, Richard's arm hadn't relaxed at all . . . his fingers were gripping the wheel hard . . . definite and certain he was about everything . . . even the thrilling excitement of this errand couldn't blow through his calm. . . . Then, a commanding green light shot the car forward again. . . .

Kathleen wanted to skip over the wide walk to the door of the Rectory . . . but Richard would think a show of exuberance like that bad taste. She must remember to match her conduct to Richard's . . . she would have to. . . . He was so amusingly correct . . . his courtship, even, had been a model of steadiness. Had it been that which had captivated her in the beginning . . . his steadiness? But . . . if once . . . ah, if only she might catch his fingers in fluttery hands and teach him to fly . . . like the careless drifting of thistledown . . . in silver abandon. . . .

A beautiful, book-guarded room, this, where the trim housemaid had left them. Kathleen's eyes ran over the shelves, and her mind called a gay hello to St. Thomas, done in leather bindings. Whole rows of him there. She felt at ease all at once. Didn't she know something of a personal "Summa"? Rather. . . . Richard, bless him, was one!

The quiet of this house. Only the silver echoes of a distant bell had stirred in it. Now they were waiting . . . and her romance was to be named in tidy, clipped words. Richard would manage that . . . he was very definitive and capable.

To be mistress of a house like this . . . not yet . . . but . . . some day, maybe. . . . Anything was possible with Richard . . . two promotions in a year, and another in sight. . . .

"Glory be," exulted Kathleen, "it's the certainty of this newest advancement that brings us here to-night!" Good, thoroughgoing Richard . . . he'd never have asked me to marry him at all if he'd not seen the road cleared miles ahead. . . . His funny methodical ways . . . trying, sometimes, to slow down to his pace . . . but he's dependable and lovable . . . and . . . most beautiful wonder of all . . . he loves me. . . .

The priest did not come immediately, and Richard cleared his throat nervously.

"You darling! You're self-conscious for the first time in your competent life!" And a capricious gust blew over Kathleen's mind. It gave her a new sense of power . . . almost as lifting as hearing Rich-

ard's earnest voice saying "I love you" that very first time. . . .

It had all happened amazingly. Perhaps not quite as daydreams would have created a great romance . . . but dreams were fluff . . . gone, when some one's voice asked for butter at the table . . . or when the telephone shrilly called the room into sight. . . .

Richard was not unlike a Prince. Of course, he had not told his love on a blue and silver trumpet . . . and no doubt he would think it madness, this desire that he exchange his well-cut tweeds for the raiment of a dream. All the same, he was splendid . . . security in his arms . . . a sense of peace there . . . his whole bearing spoke of character . . . the fine set of his shoulders, the tall blondness of his head, the intelligent graveness of his honest eyes . . . Richard, Richard, even homespuns can't disguise you. . . .

A sound of unhurried feet coming down the broad staircase on the opposite side of the house. Who would come? Richard had asked only to see "one of the priests" and they had been told to wait.

Kathleen's eyes were wide, watching for the approach of two steady feet below the circling swish of a black cassock. Then . . . Father Lavery in the maze of awareness . . . tall, slim . . . graying . . . and gentle. . . .

Dreamily she rose to her feet and saw Richard's hand taken into slim, priestly fingers. Telling things, hands . . . Richard's, strong and sure . . . and the priest's, delicate and beautiful . . . as if they'd been modeled in eternity . . . for timeless ministrations . . .

Richard's voice, embarrassed and thin . . . like some one else's voice . . . was saying: "Good evening, Father Lavery, we've come to make arrangements to be married."

Father Lavery's eyes were kind behind the shine of his glasses, and his voice carried a friendly warmth as he suggested that they all sit down and talk it over. Casual questions . . . how long they had known each other . . . if they were both of the Faith . . . when they wanted the banns published. . . .

Kathleen relaxed on a cloud of rainbows. This was the way life would be . . . . Richard, protective and assured, taking the initiative . . . and the world aware of his honesty . . . even as Father Lavery was liking him now. . . .

"And have you set a date for the wedding?" Father Lavery turned to Kathleen for affirmation of Richard's reply:

"We thought early in February, Father, Kathleen had some idea about a feast day of Our Lady."

"Yes, of course, Lourdes Day," said Father Lavery, swiftly thinking ahead. "That leaves the required time for the banns. And you will want a Nuptial Mass?"

"Oh, yes!" and for the first time during the interview Kathleen let the ripples of joyousness escape in sound. "Yes, a Mass, of course . . . and music . . . and flowers!"

Father Lavery's smile covered this impetuous interruption like a cool hand on restless fingers.

"That is fine. You may have everything just as you wish."

Kathleen wanted suddenly to cry out a thrilling *"Gratias"* to a heaven that was so very near . . . so close that from it had come Richard . . . and this understanding priest who was giving approval to their plans.

"I should mention, probably," Father Lavery went on, "that there will be a fee for the organist."

"A fee! We'd not thought of that! A little joke on Richard . . . he usually remembered such things. But . . . it can make no difference. Richard surely knows that one can't be married properly without music and flowers . . . and tall white candles . . . these are implicit . . . sacred as the little gold wedding band Richard will carry in his pocket! . . ."

"What fee does the organist require?" Richard's voice might have been checking one of his precise balance sheets. The sound of it folded the tiny ripples of joy neatly back in Kathleen's mind. . . .

"The organist usually asks ten dollars," said Father Lavery quietly.

The silence was a bargain counter on which Kathleen drummed the fingers of her desires, while her heart sent up an incoherent prayer: "Don't be practical this time, Richard! Even if it's *twenty-five* dollars . . . please. . . ."

She waited until the mental adding machine had clicked to its answer. His face . . . no, don't look . . . humiliating enough to implore if his mind were made up. . . .

"Ten dollars, Father! That's a little thick, don't you think? We hadn't planned on it."

Then facing Kathleen, he continued: "I think, Kathleen, that music isn't so necessary; and we could do something more practical with the money. I'm in favor of the Mass all right . . . but we needn't go in for all the fol-der-ol."

Kathleen buried her mind for a stricken minute in the kindly black cassock on the opposite chair. In the comforting seclusion of its calm, a sense of balance returned. Of course, Richard was right! He always thought straight . . . and if he decided against expense for a non-essential, it was shabby to protest. . . . Fly over and drop a quick kiss on his ear . . . to tell him "I'm sorry" for the rebellious moment . . . not here though. . . .

Surely Richard was good . . . he was thinking ahead . . . for their benefit. . . . In his unimaginative way, he was on a steadier plane than the one which shot her to sudden heights . . . or gave way in a sliding shute to childish griefs. . . . The trust he inspired was the thing to remember . . . to be glad for . . . and her smile brimmed over, smoothing out the creases of anxious thinking from between his eyes.

"Flowers, Father, what about them?" Richard's mind was punching black and white keys again.

"Whatever you wish in decorations. Have the flowers sent to the church the day before, and we'll take care of the rest."

All at once, Kathleen saw fields of lilies . . . serene and delicate . . . white blooms of dreams, poised on tall stems . . . whole armsful of them . . . for her wedding day. Fragrance blending with a maze of incense from a slowly swaying thurible . . . blossoms saved since her First Communion dress. . . .

"But . . . it's Winter . . . no lilies now . . . except in a florist's window . . . and they are wearing price tags for leaves . . . Maybe Richard will think that an extravagance too. . . ."

"Um-m-m," he was saying, "flowers at this season come high. They're only for show anyway. I think we could do without, don't you, Kathleen?"

The field dimmed . . . was gone . . . the wine of imagery ran out . . . and a blurred Richard was waiting for her answer. . . . A wish, intense and aching, slid down her heart,

and dropped with a soft splash into the limbo of imperative denials. . . . Again, this necessity for loyal concession to Richard's judgment . . . but it wasn't fair! Not quite, somehow . . . stacking the rapturous dreams of her wedding day against material negations. . . .

Then . . . she became aware of Father Lavery again . . . of the coordinated purpose that he represented . . . of Richard waiting for her sanction. . . . Silly, to care so much for something that seemed trivial to him. . . . There would be the Mass. . . .

"Yes, Richard, let's not have flowers. The Mass will be lovely . . . nothing could add to it really. . . ."

Father Lavery stood watching the figures of his late callers as the night carried them away in a small roadster. Poor young Kathleen . . . the scent of bruised flowers in the night pressed in on his spirit . . . the ache of music, unreleased. . . .

Something in the huddled embarrassment of her departure was pleading to be remembered . . . dimly . . . then . . . "There was a marriage" . . . and a Lady's gentle solicitude because . . . "there was no wine." And the Lady would remember this stripped festivity too . . . surely, the gracious Lady of Lourdes would remember on her feast day. . . .

"She'll have no flowers, dear Lady, no music . . . come to her wedding . . . bring her laughter and joy . . . and a dream made real . . . and the spilled wonder of Infinite Beauty."

REGRET

By Marguerite Pace Corcoran

THAT day in June the pine woods were so sweet
So tremulous with shadows faintly limned
On pine-straw carpet underneath our feet,
Stiller than great cathedral arches dimmed
For vesper service. Beautiful and calm
The benison of ancient holy peace
Descended with its sacramental balm
Enfolding us the while in glad surcease.
So infinitely beautiful you were
I hardly dared to falter a caress
Fearing to brush the bloom or faintly blur
The petals of our flower of happiness.
Had I known then, alas, what now I know
I never, never would have let you go.

GADGETS

By Alan Devoe

THIS morning I was idling through the glossy pages of a large and costly monthly, and noting with particular interest the many and multi-colored pages of advertising. In absorbed fascination I read these slyly contrived profferings of wares, and I became aware, as I read, that almost all the advertised products — although as physically various as ice-boxes and pens, underwear and cigar-lighters — had a certain common aspect. Almost all of them, in a word, were gadgets.

A gadget is not easy to define. It is a kind of whatsis or thingumabob or dingus—all these excellent slang words being themselves, alas, rather nebulous and indefinable. The fact that it *is* indefinable may be, I suspect, the clue to the gadget's nature. The gadget, in short, is a gadget; which is to say that it is not definable in terms of its relation to the real life and basic pursuits of man. A "hat" we may define; it is an object to keep the human head warm or dry or shaded or otherwise comfortable. We may readily enough define food or drink or books or houses. But the gadget. . . .

Among the objects being offered this month to a grateful world I note, for example, a new kind of fountain pen. This 1936 stylus is equipped with a self-contained cartridge of concentrated ink, so that when it runs dry the busy user need not take the time to seek an inkwell, but can simply fill the instrument with plain water. Also, I observe, there is a new wrist watch on the market. This little horologic masterpiece, not content to furnish its wearer with the time of day, also (a) shows the time in seconds and fifths of seconds, (b) may be used as a stop watch, (c) measures the distance away from the observer of light or sound, and (d) computes instanter the number of miles per hour of any moving object. Another species of wristwatch, just launched upon the world by its proud perfecters as a boon to the absent-minded, is waterproof, shock-proof, and requires no winding. In other parts of the advertising section are to be found also waterproof trench coats for pet dogs, a wire trap to catch the moths and other insects which might otherwise annoy one on summer evenings, a lead pencil which writes in any one of four colors at will, and another pencil on the revolving shaft of which are printed forty different sets of cocktail ingredients.

I hear complaints and repinings now and again that in this age philosophy is dead. But I do not think so. There has simply been substituted, for other philosophies, the philosophy of the gadget. This philosophy is but materialism carried to a somewhat attenuated but entirely logical extreme. It is the ultimate, and rather pathetic, expression of acquisitiveness.

The millionaire who "has everything" but is still miserably unhappy is a stock figure . . . so "stock," indeed, that most people think of him as rather a joke. He is no joke. He is but the legendary symbol of that same deadly impulse which is at present moving millions

of souls to seek happiness and contentment with more and newer and shinier kinds of gadgets. We have deified gadgets, precisely as we have tended more and more to make material concerns the ultimates of our thinking. For that modern temper which delights "to pay devout and uncritical obeisance to the analytic intelligence," disclaiming every other human faculty of apprehension, and which—being beset by economic woes—is obsessed by economic criteria of values, and by those alone, it would be hard to find a more fitting symbol and insignia than The Gadget.

This mania of ours for gadgets is, on the face of it, a trivial tendency enough, but it can also be—if you care to look behind it and beneath it and within it—pregnant with unmistakable and unpleasant implication. It is certainly not too much, for example, to say that it is a surface symptom of a persistent inner hunger, a want, a lack. That we seek to appease this gnawing sense of want and incompleteness by devising newer and queerer and more elaborate gadgets is not more ridiculous than sad. It is a part of the flight from reality, or rather, perhaps, of the refusal to face reality steadfastly and with full realization. It is a violent and pell-mell effort to assert competence and self-sufficiency, to persuade ourselves that we are the potent and the invincible. "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Abhorring solitude, and most especially abhorring the solitude of contemplation, we have flung ourselves with tremendous energy (and goaded, I venture to think, by not a little terror) into the devising of means to banish these. Untrained to bear discomfort and vexation, we have sought desperately to conquer those things by a concentrated war (worthy of a better cause) on every variety of physical exertion and material annoyance. Great faith have we placed in these gadgets of ours, seeking to make them a perfect shield against the unpleasant.

Do I make too much of our devotion to The Gadget? Perhaps I do. But I am plagued sometimes by a curious dream, a dream of some day about the year 5000. I see, in this dream, a party of fifty-first century archæologists engaged in exploring the subterranean ruins of a great twentieth-century city. I hear them talk, as they probe in the dust and bring to light the ancient relics of our time, and I overhear the conclusions they reach. It must, they think, have been an era of desperate unhappiness . . . for here are the antique records, called "tabloids," filled with chronicles of man slaying man, and of countless souls so desperately miserable that they took their own lives. And here in the ruins are other records, testifying to an unprecedented number of public places called "night clubs" and the like, whither the vanished populace was wont to repair in droves, in a desperate effort to be cheered up and made to laugh. Here are the books of the time—and they are freighted with pessimism and despair.

And then, in this dream, I see the leader of the archæological party pounce with delight upon a small object in the dust, and I hear him cry "Here is their sacred talisman, the symbol of their religion!" and I see him hold up to his *confrères* a cigar-lighter with the recipes for eighty cocktails printed on it, and with a fountain-pen at one end of it and a flashlight at the other.

THE FRESH EYE

By D. R. Lock

"HE has closed his mental frontiers to the *cliché*." So, the other day, wrote Mr. X., the eminent critic, anent Mr. Y., the eminent man of letters. But we commoners cannot bar our gates in the high-handed fashion of these lordlings. We are constrained to admit our useful ally, the *cliché*, even though his garments be threadbare. So I apologize not at all for presenting an old friend, the very Jekyll of *clichés*, the one that tells you "Education is too bookish." And with him his Hyde, his antithesis, the other *cliché* that exhorts you to use "the fresh eye."

Truth though we perish. How many of us must willy-nilly confess that his education *has* been too bookish, and that he has not a fresh, but *per contra* a most dulled, a positively boiled fish eye. Master Gutenberg builded worse than he knew. Why did not his guardian angel vouchsafe him a vision of the dismal world that was to be—a world that from Spitzbergen to Punta Arenas was to know the tyranny of the printing press? The good burgher might then have cast his machines into the Elbe or Oder to our exceeding benefit. Instinct is oftentimes a safer guide than reason. Those worthy fellows who in the Middle Ages spoke of printing as an invention of the Evil One were following their sound instincts. They sensed intuitively the wrong that was to come.

For each poor infant that now comes into the world is born to the servitude of the printed book. When he should be up and about, learning through the contacts of his own five wits, he is set to gloomy tasks that but thwart the play of those wits. He must forsooth compute the slant height of a pyramid, or explain why the Romans spoke of a table in six different ways when it is clear to him that one would have sufficed. He labors in a sort of intellectual lumber camp. It is put to him by his overlookers that the more logs of knowledge he stacks up the better.

The conventional Dr. Watson once remarked to the unconventional Sherlock Holmes that the earth moved round the sun or the sun round the earth (I am not sure which does which). And what did the Colossus of detectives reply? "Now that you have told me this thing," he said, "I shall do my best to forget it. For it will never be of the slightest use to me." That was a good and proper answer. I applaud it. We need men of that stamp to-day.

You, good reader, no doubt consider yourself a fair specimen of *homo sapiens*. No doubt you are. I have no quarrel with you on that score. But may I suggest with all humility that your terrier, when you take him for a walk, shows considerably more evidences of natural wisdom than you do? His eyes, his nose, his ears, his paws, are so many receiving stations that continually send up messages to the clearing station of his brain. There he decodes and assembles those messages so that they convey something defi-

nite to him. He is an unconscious logician.

But you, my friend, are you using your five senses? Far from it. They all lie fallow. Your physical eye is just sufficiently alert to keep you from losing what I trust has been an exemplary life under the wheels of the road traffic. But you are not using your mental eye. Your thoughts are as completely divorced from your physical senses as though you had no physical senses at all.

And those thoughts, what are they? You are a man of the law and you ask yourself whether Smith's case is really covered by section 27 of the Act. Or you broke in stocks or in metals, and you wonder whether Golcondas are worth buying at 9-7/16, or whether the sharp rise in copper will continue. Then a whole caravan of mental impressions ambles across the desert of your mind. (You yourself would hesitate to dignify them by calling them thoughts.) Annoying that you missed that nine-inch putt. How much Brown gave for The Laurels. You must get new sparking plugs for the Abercrombie. If, my friend, at the end of your walk, I asked you to catalogue for me all that you had seen, you would give me exactly the reply that I should expect—that you had seen nothing.

At this stage inspiration deserts me. So I use the expedient common to low-caste scribes in a like quandary. I grasp at a *cliché* to help me out. I present and ask you seriously to reconsider this double-barreled specimen. The world is so full of a number of things, that we all ought to be as happy as kings. Thus Stevenson. Unctuous Pharisaism, I hear you say with a sniff. Not at all. Just the plain statement of a fact so obvious that no one sees it.

In this matter of observation we must all cry *Peccavi*. I once asked a cultured individual to give me offhand the number of doors in his house. His answer was wrong only to the extent of a trifling 400%. Not one man in a hundred can tell you what color are the eyes of the ticket collector who accosts him every morning. A glance at the direction of the clouds is sufficient guide as to whether you should take or leave your umbrella. Yet how many can read even this homely sign aright?

Of those moderns who have recorded their observations for us I hold up Llewelyn Powys for your respect. Hudson's observations of nature were wonderfully exact. But he seldom studied his fellows with the same concentration. When Arnold Bennett looked men and women over he missed no detail. But I doubt whether he ever knew a shrike from a wryneck. Powys steers an even keel between the two. He is superbly catholic in his observations. He keeps his senses always sharp. Nothing that lies about the world comes amiss to him as a chopping block whereon to test them. I like the man who can pass in a breath from appreciation of the Rocky Mountains to appreciation of "the sharp dog-tooth outline" of New York; the man who is at home in a redwood forest and among the Jews of Tenth Street; the man who looks with the same lively eye at San Francisco railway station, porcupines, Theodore Dreiser, and East African Negroes. That is the spirit in which a sentient being, lodged precariously on this earth, should move about it. I commend it to you.

JOHN SMITH

By Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

YOU probably have never heard the saga of John Smith. I do not mean the John Smith of Pocahontas fame, nor the one who figures so prominently in the telephone directory. The one I refer to belongs to a religious order in the eastern United States. Around him has grown up a legend which, while undoubtedly owing much to the inventive and resourceful imaginations of his harmlessly malicious brethren, has a solid foundation in fact.

I myself have never met him, but we were both seminarians in widely separated parts of Europe at the same time, and among the circles in which we both moved, I soon learned that he was something of a character—that he was, in fact, by no means as commonplace as his name. When I speak of moving in circles, you should understand that during the summer vacations John Smith and I, to say nothing of our fellow seminarians, managed to get about quite a bit in quest of foreign languages and of that broad human sympathy with people of all nations which should characterize one who professes to preach the Gospel.

It has been broadly hinted that John's travels, and mine too for that matter, were motivated at bottom by a desire to see the world, to go places, and to fill our passports with as many visas as possible. To all such unworthy intimations we were both great-souled enough to pay not the slightest heed.

I suppose our paths crossed often enough, but somehow John always seemed to move on to his next stopping place just when I was on the point of catching up to him. He was one of those men who are always having adventures; nothing startling, that is, but always good for a laugh or a surprise. It was not that he was dogged by fate, or that he was continually putting his foot into it. He simply seemed to feel somehow that God had made the world for his inspection, and he was out to inspect it, at close range and despite all obstacles. Some of his less understanding acquaintances quoted the proverb about fools rushing in where angels fear to tread, but they were probably timid souls who were touched by a bit of envy, albeit unconscious. Anyhow, you can find proverbs to stigmatize any line of conduct of which you do not approve; just as you may find others to support any line you may wish to adopt.

In his own mind, certainly, John seemed to be at no loss to justify his peregrinations. And it must be admitted that the angels were on his side, for it was extremely rare that he came to grief. Even then, his misfortune could be just as easily attributed to that common circumstance of our lives whereby a certain amount of ill luck falls to the lot of all of us.

John did not confine himself to the beaten path or to the usual ways of tourists. And he was anything but fastidious in his mode of travel. Once in Germany he learned that

the train he was about to board carried a fourth-class coach. He immediately returned to the ticket-office and exchanged his third-class ticket for the cheaper one, whether for the sake of saving a few much-needed marks, or of rubbing elbows with the common people, I do not know. I am inclined to think that the latter reason is the more probable one, for he had a real affection for the ordinary people of a country. He mixed with them because he liked them, and the more he mixed with them the better he liked them.

Thus it came about that he was a true cosmopolitan in the sense that he felt at home wherever he went. The world was his Father's house, and all its inhabitants were his brothers, or at least relatives. He fell into conversation naturally with shopkeepers, policemen, schoolboys, day-laborers, and the old woman who sold him his paper. For he made a practice of reading the local journals, and scorned to rely for his news on the Paris *Herald*.

All this was made possible, of course, only by reason of the fact that he had a certain facility for languages. Not that he was anything of a scholar in them; but he managed to acquire a ready conversational fluency because he did not allow himself to be held back by a fear of making mistakes.

As he moved about from place to place, he was not content to remain a mere passive spectator. Indeed, he literally stood out of the crowd in the sense that he crawled out from behind the ropes that held back ordinary souls from a fire or a riot or other forbidden territory. I don't think it was his purpose to court danger. From all that I have heard of him, it was rather that he refused to recognize danger where others thought they saw it clearly. Perhaps it was an insatiable curiosity. Maybe, too, there was a touch of vanity in him, a pride in telling afterwards of the things he saw and did; though when he spoke in his quiet way of his little adventures, nothing seemed to be farther from him than vanity.

As an instance of his attitude, there is the story of the time he went to Mont Blanc. There he met a party of Frenchmen who had been training for three months for an ascent to the top. John decided he would go with them. They tried to dissuade him. There was nothing remarkable about his physique: he was merely the usual tall, wiry and somewhat athletic American. The guide told him it would be foolhardy for him to insist on going along. But he did insist, and the guide and all the others waived all responsibility. They tolerated his presence, thinking perhaps that he would give up long before the zone of danger was reached. Before they reached the top all the Frenchmen had quit. The guide suggested that John had better quit, too.

"Carry on," said John, not blithely, but doggedly. And that was the answer the guide received every time he tried to get John to turn back. Finally they did reach the top, and John was pretty well all in. The guide warned him of the danger of cooling off.

"I'm tired," said John, when what he probably meant was that he was all in. At any rate, he disregarded the guide's warning and lay down in the snow. That may be the reason why, when they got back down below, John was laid up for three weeks with pneumonia. He didn't mind a little thing like pneumonia,

though, after the satisfaction of viewing his world from a mountain peak.

But the story that I really started out to tell and which it has taken me so long to get down to, is concerned with Vesuvius. It just occurs to me that this story, like the incident above, is concerned with a mountain. I like to think that it is symbolic of John's strivings after higher things. I heard it related in Bagdad, so you can see that John's fame has traveled far and wide.

John studied in a little seminary just outside of Naples, and he decided to make the acquaintance of the smoking monster at closer range than he could do from across the bay. As a sidelight on his character I may mention that he liked to throw his Italian fellow students into a panic by staging his exhibition of tumbling for the annual show which they put on for the Christmas holidays. He would climax the act by piling up tables, boxes, chairs, and other paraphernalia to a precarious height; then, as he was just about to climb and the audience was gasping with apprehension, the Rector of the seminary, who was fond of a joke and had been forewarned, would rise dramatically and forbid him to proceed further.

During his first days at Naples John was positively fascinated by the volcano. He never tired of looking at it. To him the idea of having such a thing almost in one's front yard (actually it was ten miles away) to look at whenever one pleased was almost fantastic. He would watch the smoke as it ascended straight up in a lofty column to be lost in the heavens, or as the wind spread it across the countryside and sometimes over the bay in a lowering cloud, there to hang like a heavy pall perhaps for days. From his observations he learned to know just what manner of weather was to be expected, and he even seemed to sense just when the smoking monster was going to burst forth in an unusually violent display of temper.

He delighted particularly, however, to stand at his window on a moonless night and watch the play of fire on the ascending column of smoke. And when the flames leaped up angrily and lit the heavens with their ruddy glow, he could not bring himself to leave the spectacle and get back to the prosaic matter of studies.

One thing that puzzled him was the almost utter indifference of his fellow seminarians towards his volcano. They scarcely ever gave it so much as a glance. Finally he reached the observation, which many philosophers before him had voiced, that mortal man does not appreciate the beauty of the things amid which he grows up. He becomes accustomed to it all, and it sinks back into the unnoticed background of life. He likened himself to a convert, on whom the beauties of the faith have burst forth suddenly in all their breath-taking splendor, making tedious the thought of anything else.

His fellow seminarians bore his enthusiasm for the most part with amused tolerance, though he plied them interminably with all manner of questions concerning the nature and history of Vesuvius in particular and volcanoes in general. To many of his questions he received for answer merely an expressive shrug and outstretched palms. But he learned that the volcano on various occasions had taken a toll of many lives.

Had any of them ever gone up to see it? Yes, two or three. Had they looked into the crater? Oh, no. It was dangerous to approach too close. Had anyone ever looked down the crater? Why, probably some one or other had. Had anyone ever fallen down it? Not that they knew. Had anyone ever been injured while examining the crater? They never heard of anyone. Well, then, where was the danger? Why, you never knew when it might flare up; suppose that happened while you were looking into it. John's impatient reply was that you never knew when a meteor might hit you out of a clear sky, but you don't hesitate to go outdoors for all that. And in his secret heart he determined that he was going to climb up Vesuvius and look right down into its mouth.

One holiday morning John started out to visit Vesuvius. The electric railway which skirts the bay had him there in a short time, and soon he was making a comfortable ascent in Cook's cogwheel railway. Arrived at the top, he was disappointed to see that the active central cone, from which a thin column of white smoke was ascending straight up, was some hundred and fifty yards from the outer rim on which he found himself, with a forbidding and rocky depression in between. He looked about and saw that all the guides except one were busy with the passengers who had come up with him. He walked slowly toward the guide, who was looking at the ascending smoke with a vague stare.

I don't know what he said to him, but as John had the faculty of making friends with everybody, it wasn't long before he was on the best of terms with the guide, calling him by his first name. Soon they were both picking their way across the saucer-like valley towards the smoking cone, the guide in the lead and apparently proud that he had found some one who was not afraid to go where things were really lively.

They walked right up to the edge together and looked down into the depths of the volcano. Occasionally, when the smoke thinned out, John could see a dull red glow far down. As they peered over the edge, there was a dull rumble, then a gentle hiss, and perhaps ten seconds later a hot rock dropped between them and lay smoking. The guide looked at John with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Pericoloso," he said, his white teeth showing in a smile.

John nudged the rock with his foot. "That'd be a good souvenir if it weren't so hot," he said. Then he turned to go. Once more on the outer rim, he shook hands with the guide, thanked him, and gave him a forbidden tip, which the guide did not refuse.

Two weeks later John was surprised by a visit from some friends of the family who had just come down to Naples from France.

"I'd like to show you around Naples and the neighboring places," said John, "but our exams are in the offing just now, and I don't think I could get away except on holidays."

"That's all right, John. We'll find our way about all right. We're no novices at this traveling game. You just give us some tips on the things to see, the best way to get there, and how much to pay, and we'll let you work away at your books. You'll probably fail in your examinations anyway, but you won't be able to lay the blame on us."

So it came about that John gave them directions how to see the sights in Naples, as well as Pompeii, Herculaneum, C u m a e, Pozzuoli, Averno, Vesuvius, and all the other worth while places.

"Now, as to this Vesuvius trip," he said, "if you really want to see it right, you want to go and take a look at the active crater. It's an impressive sight when you look down into that smoking chimney, and well worth seeing. But don't fall in," he added smiling, "You can't climb out. Tell you what you do. When you get up there, if the guides don't want to take you to the center, you ask for Luigi. He's a guide I met up there a couple of weeks ago. He knows his business, and he's not squeamish. Tell him you're friends of Padre Smith, and that I sent you, and he'll manage to get you there and back all right without so much as scuffing your shoes. I gave him a few lire, and you might do the same, so that in case some further friends come along, Luigi will be all fixed up to take them, too."

Two days later the party found themselves on the way up to Vesuvius. When they reached the top, three or four guides were waiting there to receive them. One of the guides detached himself from his fellows and walked toward the party, leading them then to the edge of the outer rim. He had memorized a brief historical and scientific sketch in English about the volcano, which he began to give out in a remarkably correct accent. They let him go on for a while, and then one of them interrupted him.

"We'd like to go over and look into the volcano."

"But it is dangerous," said the guide. "It is forbidden."

"Dangerous? Well, if we're not afraid, you oughtn't to be afraid either. Come on, that old bonfire won't hurt anybody." And the speaker made a gesture suggestive of a tip.

But the guide held up deprecatory hands. "It is not that, my friends. You do not understand. It is forbidden. I cannot go."

"Oh, come on. I'll bet you're afraid." But the appeal to the man's pride did not succeed. He was adamant. "Where's Luigi?" pursued the speaker. "Luigi's not afraid. He took a friend of ours over a couple of weeks ago. Luigi'll take us over."

"Ah, Luigi." The guide's face opened with a wistful smile. "Luigi is not here."

"Where is he?"

"One week ago they took Luigi away. They locked him up. Poor Luigi," and the guide tapped his head significantly, "he's crazy."

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

WOLVES IN CELLULOID

THE shepherd's crook bequeathed by St. Peter is as long as time, as round as the world. Wolves, ravenous through centuries, still attack the eternal Fold but, as the Shepherd gave warning, they are not so dangerous as those in dog's clothing—the temptations that lurk in the ways of beauty and knowledge, of laughter and amusement and always the hazards of the serpents, whose sinuous lure is concealed in the freshness of new pastures, must be reckoned by the sheep dogs when seeking ample nourishment for their flocks. Though the Roman shepherds have been branded as reactionaries, their course has been a bold one compared to the shepherds of the East. Has the Grand Lama of Tibet ever made use of the radio? What modern Mussulman has even snatched for the vanished mantle of Averroes? Where is the temple of Siva that has a telephone? Recognizing the dangers concurrent with education, which secular institutions offer so blithely without any safeguards, popes and councils have been berated by modern educators who forget that behind the Church are nineteen hundred years of experience plus the direct tradition of the classical curriculum. For fifteen centuries, St. Peter was the lone schoolmaster of the Western world and we still attempt to make inadequate copies of that art and architecture. There is something pathetic in the millions recently spent by our financial barons to reproduce in up-to-date universities the ill-lit dormitories of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. I wonder what the lean medieval scholars would have thought of the modern collegiate sitting at ease in his Gothic libraries with his "snap" courses and small fund of philosophy.

Since its beginning, the Church has grasped one of the first laws of present kindergarten pedagogics—the importance of visual training. *"Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu,"* said St. Thomas Aquinas. That the mind was dependent upon the senses had been taught by Aristotle. It was also the principle of education used by our Lord Himself when He taught the learned and simple alike by those word pictures which have become such a vivid legacy. To most of us, the Good Samaritan and Lazarus the beggar are much more real than the lesser Apostles. Few of us would be any more surprised to meet the Prodigal Son than we would to have John Bull tip his hat to us in the street some morning. Literacy may have made great strides but the average citizen still seems to prefer his news in pictorial form. A Presidential campaign is starting off as a race between the cameramen. The early Shepherds, as the flickering lamps of the catacombs revealed the first attempts at Christian art, were generous to the imagination

of their flocks. The Good Shepherd; the Patient Lamb; the Winged Word; the Tree of Life; the Keys of Heaven; the Aureole of Sanctity; the Dragon of Sin, were there as visible symbols. Throughout the eighth and ninth centuries Rome fought the Isaurian faction in the East who tried to designate as wolves of lust and destruction, pictures and statues in general. It was not a conservative policy for the shepherds knew that art is a dangerous element. Heretical thought may corrupt man but even more may those images transferred through his eyes to the strongboxes of his brain ready to haunt him dreaming or awake. When men's eyes were filled with the glory of God and His Mother, blazing jeweled from great glass windows, carved intimately on doorways and medals, there was always an antidote to sin.

But, though the Puritan went with the Iconoclasts to the extreme of banishing beauty, through their great fear of its imperfections, the Church bravely fought Calvinism with the sensuous devotion of the Barocque and, though the drama she had inaugurated with her Mystery plays, sloughed into the vulgar trivialities of the Restoration, she never condemned the drama *per se*. The drama has sinned and is sinning but the crook of St. Peter has only been leveled against those of its wolf cubs that were too brutal or too sleek in their disguise. Now she has witnessed her favorite scheme for education being taken over by the business world as one of the greatest industries—pictures, vital—moving—and commercial.

Attendance at motion picture theaters reaches the four billion mark a year in this country alone. Instead of mosaics or frescoes on a church wall or the stately figures on a church window, six billion feet of film offer visual education. (How many more million feet of film are annually photographed simply staggers the decimal system.) The pictures created in America pass around the inhabited globe. The possible harm of these uncensored realms began to be apparent when the jails and courts were filled with unprecedented numbers of juvenile offenders. A smaller, more fiery organization, with less farseeing reform machinery might have damned the whole industry as a work of Satan—as no doubt many a zealous Continental curé has done already—but the policy of St. Peter has never been to narrow his fold nor to starve his sheep, and St. Peter's present Shepherd, instead of banning the picture theaters, has worked for the general improvement of the industry with the result that not only has that great wolf listened to his admonitions but, in listening, has been taught to stabilize his profits. In fact the legend of the Wolf of Gubbio has become a modern fable. The erstwhile irresponsible, arrogant beast has offered his paw as pledge of better behavior to the Shepherd and a fatter, wiser, more intelligent wolf is the consequence.

In his Encyclical, *Divini Illius Magistri*, Pope Pius XI. called attention to the great advantages of learning and education latent in the cinema, were they conducted on healthy principles but which were then unfortunately mostly serving as an incentive to evil passions and were completely subordinated to "sordid gain." Again in 1934, he reminded the picture industry that the essential purpose of art is to as-

sist the moral perfection of man. In the latest Encyclical of July 2, 1936, he admits that recreation has become a necessity to people laboring under the fatiguing conditions of modern business and that the motion pictures are obviously the most popular form of diversion for rich and poor, the civilized and even the semi-civilized. But he warns that recreation must be worthy of the rational nature of man, "it must be elevated to the rank of a positive factor for good and must seek to arouse a noble sentiment."

He adds: "Since, then, the cinema is in reality an object lesson which, for good or for evil, teaches the majority of men more effectively than abstract reasoning, . . . it must be saved from demoralizing effects. . . . Bad motion pictures show life under a false light; they glorify the passions; they cloud ideals; they are capable of creating prejudices among individuals, misunderstandings among nations, among social classes, and among entire races."

He records with pleasure that certain governments have set up reviewing commissions and especially congratulates the effective results of the American Legion of Decency. The careful Shepherd is now determined to make permanent the reforms which the high-minded citizens of all creeds inaugurated. His ideal is a central Board of Review for the entire world but as that seems as yet to involve too many practical difficulties, he asks his bishops to create national reviewing offices to promote the best pictures and to classify the others.

It is clear that this movement may have the most tremendous consequences. As coöperation develops between the different bishops and different countries, a film of particular merit may be assured of world-wide endorsement. What it will mean to the children of the world to have better and better pictures, to become acquainted with the noble characters of history instead of G-Men or adventurers can be estimated if we consider that Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper now stand in the niches once tenanted by saints and heroes and that their personalities, becoming confused with ignoble characters, could easily confuse the juvenile ideals of thousands. A picture like *Pasteur* is a milestone in cinematic education. There is also the spell of inspiring example in *The White Angel* (Florence Nightingale), the nearest approach to sanctity in the Victorian era. The only purely hagiological picture we have seen was a third-rate Italian one of *Don Bosco*.

It really seems due to the Vatican Shepherd and the Legion of Decency that the Motion Picture Industry has been jostled out of the idea that their audiences were mostly morons. They have learned that intelligent pictures draw intelligent people to the theaters and that the "morons" also enjoy them. Not only are they beginning to educate their masses but they are not losing any money by it. Having fully praised the Shepherd, we now feel it is time to congratulate the Wolf. He accepted the challenge to his bad manners and misdemeanors and he has shown himself capable of organized development and reform. Since the inception of the Legion of Decency and Hollywood's own censorship plan, only two American pictures have been absolutely condemned and neither of these were produced by a mem-

ber of Mr. Will H. Hays's organization. Forty-five were listed as having objectionable portions but this is not a very large percentage. To the credit side there are *David Copperfield, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Informer, Ruggles of Red Gap, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* etc. The Wolf is beginning to learn his responsibility to the community—and to the world. Some day, Pius XI., faithful Shepherd may be able to say like another Gregory, "Not wolves—but saints—in celluloid."

THE MARCH OF TIME.—For a long while we have meant to say something about *The March of Time* for we find that if we miss the monthly issue we have decidedly a gap in our current education. Do you know anything about the Dictator of San Domingo? Did you know that he had changed the name of the capital—where Columbus lies buried—to his own name, Trujillo? That in fact almost everything that has a name in San Domingo, banks, theaters, parks, restaurants, beaches are all being named Trujillo? That "Trujillo" has begun to have a general, pervasive connotation? This instructive and rather terrifying historical résumé of one of our neighboring republics is in the latest issue of *The March of Time* whose preview I yesterday attended.

It was due to their farseeing eye that I was first introduced to the *Croix de Feu* in France; to the accomplishments of the C.C.C. and the curious anthracite situation with its bootlegged coal in Pennsylvania. The maudlin inanities of the average newsreel with its hodge-podge of politics, babies, animals and accidents contrast poorly with *Time's* three developed news items or pictured editorial. I can vouch that their feature on speeding has made me a devotee of the fifty-miles-an-hour-limit. Their little sketch of the rivalry this summer between Dallas and Fort Worth was excellent and pithy satire ending with an old descendant of Sam Houston's looking over the various folders of the Centennial and remarking, "Wa'al I thought this was something to do with the history of Texas but all I can see is leg shows." In four years *The March of Time* has spread to 4,204 theaters. It will go further.

NEW FACES.—So meticulous is *New Faces* to live up to its name that it has changed its face so much since the last review that we feel it deserves a second. A new management and some new numbers; some discreet shuffling of the old ones; and the total disappearance of a few more has so altered the production that it becomes a graphic lesson in the delicate art of dramatic editing. The quieter skits have been transferred to Act I. which ends on the one we underlined for merit, "Lottie of the Literati," introducing the current figures in the literary world at a syncopated pace which rimes bombastic with "Conde-Nastic"! Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Hoover on the platform at a Girl Scout Meeting is the best of the innovations, together with an airy dancer, Irene Moore. There seemed before to be a desiccated sequence of Song-Dance-Routine-Chorus-Routine-Sketch—but now the action is varied and Alexander Fogarty's music has better visual accompaniment. Act II. is short and lively and a few reprises help to pull the whole together. In fact *New Faces* now gives the impression of intelli-

gence and youth combined, when before it was only youth. We must also confess to finding some of the substitutes for Miss Imogen Coca—who has gone to the Cape—quite as competent in several rôles and better dancers. The black Johnsons are popular, and Robert Bard and Jean Bellows have a future. *New Faces* has become good entertainment for hot weather.—*At the Vanderbilt.*

HELP YOURSELF.—A Federal Theater Project production which we can recommend whole-heartedly to anyone who wants clean and clever amusement.—*At the Manhattan.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—*At the Forrest.*

March, 1935

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—As it's never too hot for a good laugh perhaps this horse will be able to bear the weight of all his riders through two summers, although other horses have been galloping all through the country and out to the Coast. Perhaps our summer visitors like to contrast their horses with the original quadruped. If there are still a few who've never seen it we can add, it has more fun than elegance.—*At the Playhouse.*

December

DEAD END.—To keep a balance between the two persistent farces this melodrama which has so much social importance still defies the calendar. To see it should spur donations for boys' summer camps. We hope it will.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

BOY MEETS GIRL.—As there is always some discussion as to the relative humor of this and *Three Men on a Horse*, they are now on a fair way to prove which is the winner. This one has a Hollywood background and some unfortunate language.—*At the Cort.*

February

VICTORIA REGINA.—The box office is open and is taking orders for seats in the autumn. Miss Hayes reopens the end of August.—*At the Broadhurst.*

March

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—There is no mental strain or any social problem implicit in this rollicking melodrama through which beer is served and suggestions welcomed, with clever acrobats between the acts.—*At the American Music Hall.*

June

ON YOUR TOES.—Clever dancing and pantomime on the part of Mr. Ray Bolger in his rôle of a young W.P.A. music teacher. The take-off of the Russian Ballet is also very entertaining. The plot is innocuous but the songs are not and the ballet introduces a strip-tease incident that might have been cancelled, as the rest of the show has a higher form of wit.—*At the Imperial.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

LANGUAGE—A MEDIUM

THERE is in every language a spirit, a genius, peculiar to itself. It is that which captures our admiration for that language. Who has not remarked upon the succinctness of Latin, the force of a Greek construction, the liquidity of Spanish? Now we deal with another tongue—one which until recently was a stranger, not in America, but in American universities—Irish. It has been called "the language for your wooing, your cursing, and your praying," so expressive is it. With due respect to Angus Óg (the Irish Cupid) we shall pass over the preying and confine ourselves to the praying element. When we understand how much of the Irish spirit the language has absorbed, we can readily see why the tongue is undergoing resuscitation—why it is a necessity for the Irish to express themselves in their own tongue.

In its attitude toward everyday affairs, Irish stands alone. Even before the advent of Christianity appeal was made to other-world peoples, thanks were given to the Sidhe (fairies). To the Gael, more than to any other people, the veil between the material and the spiritual is at best only diaphanous. Nothing is so small as to be unworthy of notice in its relation to eternity. It would be difficult to find another race so inclined; to us it is always *"respice finem"*:

"The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of a man's health—
mourning."

(*Tr. Hyde.*)

With the coming of Catholicity came a suitable outlet for this fervid Irish love. As a sponge absorbs water, so did the Irish draw in the new teachings. Neither was it a short-lived passion. This is important, for were the Irish to lose their strangely beautiful language they would lose far more than merely a medium of expression. So much of their religion is bound up in the language that one without the other seems strange. Naturally, Catholicity is not necessary for the

preservation of Irish, but, for the saving of that peculiarly tender Irish devotion, the language itself is indispensable. By way of illustration, the phrases which we use are extracted from the everyday speech of native Irish speakers. Whether they be university professors or farmers is all one. To an English mind, to a dollars-and-cents-mind, this may all seem affected but this is only because English is a cold, mercenary tongue—the language of shopkeepers. It lacks the cordial warmth and friendliness of the Irish. A foreigner might conceivably think an Irish conversation to be some form of litany.

The Gospel of St. Matthew admonishes us to salute a house when entering. Where is this benediction found—except in Irish? The very first thing said upon entering a house in Ireland is *"Go mbeannuighidh Dia dhuit"* ("May God bless all here"). Nor is this aspiration confined exclusively to Catholics; it is of the genius of the language; no one thinks of saying otherwise.

The significance of "hello" is not patent to the ordinary man. It is a greeting that has lost all touch with its origin. But hear the Irish *"Dia dhuit"* ("God bless you"). That is what you say in Irish when you meet some one; and each word is understandable, each word is in common usage and it does not require a philologist to grasp its meaning. The answer is "God and Mary bless you." "Good-bye" can be traced to an archaic "God-be-wi'-you," but who thinks of that in bidding farewell? In Irish each word is modern, not obsolete, and its meaning is apparent. Various farewells exist, but all in the same tenor.

He who has seen an Irishman at work, overtaken by a passing man, stranger or friend, has caught the interchange of *"Bail ó Dhia ar an obair"* ("God bless the work") and the answer, *"Go mba h-É dhuit"* ("May God be with you"). No one ever promises to undertake anything without adding *"le congnamh Dé"* ("with the help of God"). Note the reply to "How are you?"—"I am fine, thanks be to God" (not, Thank you). If, in the course of a conversation a person, now dead, be mentioned, all join in a low "On the right hand of God, may his soul rest!" After bad news, "God between us and harm!" is a common expression. Finally, even the passionate cry of an ardent patriotism is "May God free Ireland!"

Many beautiful songs, touchingly tender, have come to us because of this piety indigent to "the old tongue." Frequently, they are sung to housewifely occupations. Take, for instance, this short prayer that was said while "saving" the fire: that is, the covering at night of the turf with ashes so that by morning it might be still smoldering.

"As I save this fire to-night
Even so may Christ save me.
On the top of the house let Mary,
Let Brighid in its middle be."

"Let eight of the mightiest angels
'Round the throne of the Trinity
Protect this house and its people
Till the dawn of the day shall be."

(*Tr. Hyde.*)

In the Irish these songs have a definite rhythm that lends itself to the work, serving much the same purpose as the old seamen's chanties. For that reason they are called

"occupational songs." Very few exist in the English and the sailors' chanties were hardly a source of edification.

It is the spirit of the people that makes these songs; it is the racial piety and not the language that is responsible for these beautiful songs and prayers. Granted—but, there must be a suitable medium for expression and that is the work of the national tongue. A people cannot express themselves in an alien language. They need a language which their own spirit has molded. And it is this racial difference of character and temperament which causes tongues to differ in idiom. The language is passive and the racial spirit the active agent. But, since it is in the language that these racial characteristics are manifested, we speak of the spirit or genius of the language. Now these songs and prayers exist only where Irish is the daily and only language. And wherever we find the Irish tongue, there we find a people who have more regard for the things of the spirit.

The mother language of the Scotch is Irish and in blood the Scotch are our cousins. Now let us compare a Highland version of the same song quoted above—sung when covering the fire at night.

"I rake this fire
As the Son of Mary rakes,
That safe may the house and fire be
That safe may be the entire company.

"Who sits there on the floor
Keeping watch? 'Tis Peter and Paul
And on whom does it fall to watch to-night?
On whom but bright Mary and her Son . . ."[1]

To return to Ireland again; what more beautiful, what more lovely way is there of teaching children the mysteries of the Faith than by songs such as the following? How simple this verse is and how easily a child might memorize it long before he went to school and have for life a practical exposition of the Trinity. Can you not see children playing on the floor while the mother sings about her work, and this is what she sings.

"Three folds in my garment, yet only one garment I bear,
Three joints in my finger, yet only one finger is there.
Three leaves in a shamrock, yet only one shamrock I wear.
Frost, ice, and snow, these things are nothing but water.
Three persons in God, yet only one God is there."

(*Tr. Hyde.*)

Prayers there are for journeying, toothaches, fevers, love (though fever may include that!), festering, etc. I can well remember long ago how my mother taught me to say "God bless the mark!" whenever I saw a crippled person. There is even a prayer to be breathed after lighting a pipe and settling down for a contented smoke. It is said that short the shrift the man would get who should forget to whisper for the dead as he rolls the tobacco grains.

"May not more numerous be
The grains of sand by the sea,
Or the blades of grass on the lea,
Or the drops of dew on the tree,

[1] My own translation.—E. McK.

Than the blessings upon thy soul
And the souls of the dead with thee
And upon my soul when the life shall flee."

(*Tr. Hyde.*)

Sufficient now if our case is clear—that one of the distinctive notes of Irish, if not *the* distinctive note, is its adaptability to the *"Spioraid na nGaedhi"* (Spirit of the Irish) which spirit even St. Patrick remarked upon. We can see, too, that the Irish piety cannot survive transplanting, that English is not a fitting medium for the Celtic temperament. A few expressions come over into English from Irish but only a few, and these are usually the object of perverted humor. "Wirra! Wirra!" But ah, if only these who have drunk so little from the Pierian Spring, if only these knew at what they were l a u g h i n g ! "Wirra! Wirra!" is a phonetic rendering of the vocative case of the most beautiful name in any language. It is an appeal for help, "Oh, Mary, Virgin Mary!" But even the Irish understood that their prayers could never live in a strange tongue. There is a lovely story of the origin of the tobacco prayer and that story was penned, "and the old people throughout the country are offering up that same prayer daily and they shall do so as long as our Irish language shall remain alive on the green isle of saints."

He who would charge that any language could be squeezed to disgorge such treasure let him first familiarize himself with Irish and learn why we cherish so lovingly our strange Christian language, "this heritage of the Race of Kings." And now 'twould be only fitting were we to conclude this with the ancient yet modern prayer of the Irish writers. "Thanks be to God for the grace to write this. He who reads let him send a prayer to God on my account."

EÓIN MCKIERNAN.

Nova et Vetera

Dusk Comes to Mallaranny

There is a hill above the sea. The heather is bent back towards the land and the stems shine whitely like the wood of olive trees. The hill smells of wild thyme. Below, the sea sweeps in over a wide semicircle of yellow sand, and behind also is water, because the sea flings an arm round this hill. On a clear evening when the sun is setting below the Atlantic this hill above Mallaranny might be on the map of heaven. An unearthly beauty pulsates in the air; it is an opalescence which seems to have a music in it, and even if the Angelus bell were not ringing below in the white convent you would bare your head.

Lifting themselves out of a blue sea, before you, are the blue mountains of Achill; to your left, rising up from the blue waters of Clew Bay, are the blue flanks of Croagh Patrick; beyond him, far off, are more blue heights—the Twelve Pins and the wild uplands of the Joyce Country.

Such a heartbreaking symphony in blue is rarely seen in the world. There is sorrow in it, as there is in all sharp beauty. Standing there, with the gulls crying and the larks shivering in the sky and the wind going through the heather, a man goes cold with the beauty of it and is glad to be alone.

And just as great music sometimes searches out the heart until it becomes unbearable, so this sunset over Mallaranny becomes more beautiful minute by minute so that you look away from it, unable to endure it, searching the world for some trivial thing; the white smoke going up from a cabin, the way the green light fills the pools in a peat bog, the slow figure plodding on over the white road, and the sweep of the incoming tide.

The mountains and the hills that lay hushed around you are flung up against a background of pale green, but it is like no green ever seen in the sky except at certain times of the year in the Libyan Desert. This green might be the reflection of green fires lit behind the hills; for it is a light with life in it like the light that comes from fire: a pulsing, nervous, intelligent light that throbs and hurts.

And you feel that if God chose a place to reveal Himself it would be upon these western hills at sunset when the whole hushed world is tense with beauty and earth seems waiting for a revelation.

The sun goes down slowly into the sea. There is a minute when the space of a finger lies between its rim and the water; and the rim sinks until it touches the water and the sun dips down and is gone. Now comes the last movement of the symphony. The clouds change colour. They catch fire in the air. They become pink. Little unnoticed wreaths of cloud change from white to red and live and pulse a moment in the sky. But the green light behind the hills does not die, and the blue of the hills does not die: it grows deeper and more intense.

Then the whole scene fades a tone and the music behind it drops an octave; but all the colour is still

there, not departing, it seems, so much as sinking into the earth and withdrawing itself into the sky. You stand watching it with tears in your eyes, the first wind of night touching your hair and cold on your face. . . .

The clouds turn grey, the hills go dark against the green of the sky, the little line of water at the edge of cut peat is a line of quicksilver, the sea is a silver sea, and the mountains of Achill are black.

The evening star burns in the sky; and dusk comes to the West.

—From *In Search of Ireland*. By H. V. Morton (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

A Clue to the Riddle of Pain

Nothing is more characteristic of a certain kind of modern shallowness than its attacks upon religious philosophers for their recognition of the harsh facts of the world in which we actually live. It would seem that certain popular novelists really believe that the ancient law-giver invented the facts as well as the statement in which he tried to account for them and reduce them to law. They seem to think that if the austere "religion" were abolished, the austere facts would vanish out of the physical universe, and that, as the Victorian rebel chanted, the roses would grow rosier

"And bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays."

But by abolishing the religion they do not abolish the facts. Rightly or wrongly they merely destroy the only clue that we ever had to a meaning. Moreover, if there be anything unworthy of the modern mind in the idea of "original sin" (a doctrine in which Hegel found unsuspected depths), there is at least this much to be said for it, that it attempted to explain something which did seem to be wrong in the affairs of mankind, and that it involved the idea of a freedom in which men were something more than puppets or cogs in a blindly moving mechanism. . . .

The development of sensitive nerves in the earlier brute creation may be regarded as a necessary preliminary to creatures capable of all the joys and sorrows of the Ninth Symphony. This is no argument for indifference to the sufferings of that innocent underworld. It is rather a plea for something like reverence as we confront it. But there is no question whatever that there is a consecutive process and that the capacity for suffering increases as we ascend in the hierarchy of Nature. It is doubtful whether there is more suffering in the lower stages than the minimum required for protective or warning purposes.

It is impossible to say how much we owe to the protective function of pain, the quick warning of the nerve that drops a sheath over the human eye, instantly, at a flash of lightning or the first wind-driven grain of the sand-storm. It is a commonplace of the physiologists that, if those sentinels of pain were to lose their keenness, the delicate fortress of the body would be wrecked by a thousand enemies. Without it, the tender fabric of the eye would be ruined; the frame of every active youth would be torn to pieces before he suspected danger and the child who went out blackberrying would return with its flesh in tatters.

Those agnostics who dare to say that the unknown end of the whole scheme is not worth the cost and

that it might have been achieved in a better way are daring indeed. It has been suggested that the pain involved is "in excess of the minimum required for warning purposes"; but the determination of the exact "minimum" required for all cases and all emergencies in a gradually developing universe where there may be other important purposes, as well as an immensely important element of contingency and freedom, would more wisely be left to that Unknowable and Supreme Cause so eloquently described in the agnostic philosophy of Spencer. The canon fixed by the Everlasting against self-slaughter has a defender with a flaming sword in the Angel of Pain, and in the fear He inspires. The "mild discomfort" which one "agnostic" recommended to the consideration of the Almighty might have been enough to warn those who had the power or the time to think, but might not be enough to prevent a fool from plunging his hands into molten lead, or to wake the sleeper who laid his arm across the campfire. If a burnt child did not dread the fire, many a child would dip its hands in oil and set them alight for amusement. Crude as these illustrations may be, is it not possible that in a profoundly interdependent scheme, they do represent some absolute necessity which even Omnipotence could not overcome without self-contradiction? Is it not possible that if the highest aims of that scheme were ever to be realized, a price had to be paid, of which the perfect example was lifted up, on the Cross whose arms point in opposite directions?

Omnipotence in the Creator does not imply the power to make a thing entirely black and entirely white simultaneously. It is therefore surely possible that some profound contradiction may be involved in the idea that finely sensitive creatures might have been produced incapable of any but pleasurable sensations. If we can imagine such a creature, and compare it with the highest types of humanity, there is little doubt as to which will be more admirable, and no doubt at all as to which will be the more lovable. It may be impossible, even for Omnipotence, without some fundamental self-contradiction, to evolve a race which, ignorant of suffering and unacquainted with grief, should also achieve the heights and sound the depths of intellectual and spiritual life. It may be that those heights and depths are actually made up of the very experience which we would forego, and that there may be a deeper meaning than is always realized in the saying of the supreme victim and victor of suffering on earth; *I am the Way*.

We may conceive of a Virgil without the sense of tears; a Shakespeare, wandering through Arden, without a hint of tragedy; a Beethoven untouched by compassion, in a world that had no need of it; but the thinkers and artists would be the very first to affirm that such a world had somehow lost all its greatness. What does this mean, this hesitation as to whether we could accept our own improved and extremely comfortable universe? Does it not again suggest that—dimly as we may apprehend it—we are here groping around some profound necessity which cannot be overcome, even by the Omnipotent, without self-contradiction?

Our riddle may not be answered, we may still be left with an utter mystery; but we are also left with

a very positive truth, a truth which Christendom has taken to its innermost heart and made the cornerstone of its philosophy. If that philosophy were true, we should have some clue to the meaning of pain. The vision of "Nature red in tooth and claw" is not inconsistent with St. Paul's vision of a world groaning and travailing together, with Calvary as its culmination. If that philosophy of Christendom were untrue, the riddle would remain, and it would be still darker, for there is no other clue at all.

—From *The Unknown God*. By Alfred Noyes (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

The Reticence of Religion

Of all the religions of mankind not one is wholly un-Catholic or anti-Catholic, wholly opposed to the Divine truth. Even those pagan systems of morality without an explicit affirmation of God present . . . to man's worship the Divinity concealed in the commandment of conscience. The motley myths and cults of polytheists and fetish-worshippers affirm as the obscure background of their worship and trust the one Divine Being from whom they hope for salvation and with Whom they aspire to be united. The strictly monotheistic religions of Judaism and Islam and, *a fortiori*, the schismatical and heretical Christian bodies, possess in their faith and worship a 'valuable treasure,' as Karl Adam terms it, of divine truth and means of sanctification: the worship of God, moral ideals, public worship, private devotions and holy practices, and in the latter case belief in Christ and some at least of the Sacraments. . . .

Catholicism is 'not a party or a confession but religion, not partial but comprehensive knowledge' (Kühnel). 'The truly Catholic, all-embracing outlook leaves nothing foreign and therefore hostile. For there is not and there cannot be any opposition when all values, all things true, good and holy, are seen in conjunction. The Catholic who draws the logical conclusion from the principle of his religion and lives accordingly, who does not limit its application in any direction, sees things with God's eyes, measures them by God's standard, accepts whatever God accepts, and therefore knows that everything of positive value in any religion is also Catholic and that an individual or community is un-Catholic only in what he or it denies, in the falsehood which is maintained in contradiction of the Divine revelation. Such a Catholic can understand any non-Catholic and can himself be understood by any man who is genuinely evangelical, that is to say, who judges of things and values in accordance with the vision and standard of Jesus. But he cannot possibly be understood by any man who limits and mutilates religion at any point' (Rademacher). . . .

To the religious man the religious faith of his brother cannot be a matter of indifference. If it were, he would not have a living faith of his own. But he can entertain or rather he cannot but entertain reverence for a faith different from his own. And he can or rather he must love those who hold a different creed. If I love a man, as I am obliged as a Christian to love him, his religious belief cannot be indifferent to me. I strive to win him to my belief, though not to convert him by the use of spiritual or physical force. I

esteem his belief without assenting to it where it differs from my own. I even love it in so far as it is unconsciously Catholic and worthy of love. And I can show reverence to the holy places of his religion, because they are shrines of faith and worship, where I am conscious of union with religious humanity all the world over. . . .

It is to be noted that the Church, while condemning error as such, refrains from passing judgement on the spiritual state of the individual, living or dead. Such a verdict exceeds her competence. She cannot say of anyone that he is subjectively guilty, in bad faith. She can declare only that a particular doctrine or act is objectively wrong. Individual controversialists even of the first rank have no doubt gone further, and may do so in future. But in so doing they overstep the boundary laid down by the nature of the case and prescribed by the law of charity; and they violate the reticence of religion. For God is the only Judge of souls, He who knows how men have come to do what they have done, and who 'searches the heart.'

Is it not a most remarkable thing, Bishop Bonomelli observes, that the Church who has solemnly raised so many of her children to the altars, and, assured that they are in God's presence, proposes them to our imitation, has never once pronounced that a particular individual is eternally lost? Whatever may have been his conduct till his last breath —the Church keeps silence. For no mortal can know what passes between the soul and God. That is God's secret. The Church judges only what is objective, that a particular thing is right or wrong, not what is subjective, that a particular person is morally innocent or guilty. For his disposition which decides the latter issue escapes her vision. Even her most intimate judgement, that which the priest pronounces in the Sacrament of Penance, presupposes the self-judgement and self-revelation of the penitent. Exclusion from the communion of the visible Church, excommunication does not *necessarily* involve more than the severance of visible ties with the Church, exclusion from the visible means of grace. Objective guilt is concluded from the facts; the question of subjective responsibility is remitted to the Divine Court. . . .

'It gives me pain [says Bishop Bonomelli] to hear the frequent abuse directed against our brethren, to hear them accused of wilfully rejecting the truth and declared guilty of every conceivable wickedness—simply because their religious beliefs are not Catholic. For there are among them upright, honourable and noble characters, men who put many Catholics to shame. Such an attitude is contrary to truth and justice—and assuredly not calculated to bring non-Catholics to the knowledge of the truth and into the fold of the Church.' It is a legitimate cause for satisfaction that the present Canon Law expressly rejects the use of force in matters of faith. We might indeed be tempted to feel ashamed of the fact that a principle so simple and so obvious should require stating. However, we must be thankful for the progress accomplished. . . .

—From *Religions of Mankind*. By Otto Karrer. Translated by E. I. Watkin (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

Foreign Periodicals

Messengers of the Faith

The most modern British community was started in a stable in 1914, and is therefore one of the oldest of these modern foundations which are found springing up in every country of the world since the War. Its object is the conversion of Great Britain to the Catholic Faith! It was felt that the educated classes seldom got into touch with the Catholic Faith owing to social conditions and educational prejudices. So after some training, generously given by the late Mother General of the Sacred Heart nuns, two women started on their life adventure in a mews near Farm Street Church, determined to convert the world! They had h a r d l y any money, and they lived on beans and lentils, and the hospitality of their friends, invigorated by the joy of many conversions to the Church.

Since then this community has had the happiness of helping nearly 2,000 souls into the Catholic Church. They had many struggles, many disappointments, but from the beginning God's blessing rested on their work. It increased in all directions, and they took up work in poor parishes, lecturing in the park, under the auspices of the C. E. G., visiting both voluntary and public assistance institutions, doing rescue work, and working for foreign missions. These Sisters, known as the Messengers of the Faith, in no way seek to supersede nuns, but rather to supplement them. Nowadays much work is asked of women which Catholic nuns are unable to undertake owing to their Rule, and ladies living in the world, however good and devoted, must have other calls and duties which rightly have prior claim upon them. So the Messengers came into being in order to be able to go into the highways and byways, seeking souls along unfrequented lanes, to which they are able to gain access more easily than others owing to the elasticity of their Rule and Constitution. They offer to those who will join them a glorious opportunity of living an apostolic life, and of going about "doing good" as our Divine Example did before us, trying to teach others to observe the things which He commanded. They begin with pagan England. Those who have had a good Catholic education can have little conception of the crass ignorance of many of our fellow countrymen. Not long ago, within a few months of each other the Messengers had to deal with two educated and travelled girls who did not know the Lord's Prayer and nothing about Christ except His Name. So there is abundant missionary work to be done at home, and surely there can be no happier way of "following Christ" than to go about telling others about Him? Indeed an incensed Protestant parent of one of the Messengers, after informing her of her disinheritance, on account of her conversion and way of life, added in a crescendo of annoyance, "And the worst of it is, and the worst of

it is, you are the happiest of all my children!" Surely this is the best recommendation of a vocation to the Messengers of the Faith!

The Messengers cannot offer new members a large convent, a traditional training, blessed and sanctified by Saints, they can only offer a little band of Sisters longing to "live and suffer and labour for the greater glory of God, and the conversion of souls," as they say in their daily consecration. They can offer no sheltered enclosure, no dignified monastic existence, but they can offer hard work for the souls for whom Christ died, tiring days in buses, a great deal of disapproval from many very good people: but with it all a kindness and gratitude from their converts, and their poor, which they feel to be totally unearned.

So the Messengers of the Faith think it worth while. They have a full religious ideal; they take private vows, as the essential foundation must always be those of the Counsels; they recite the Divine Office, indifferently well, but with full hearts, and they have their times for prayer and silence, and have a simple Rule. They have no enclosure, they go about alone, their letters are not opened, they are trusted to inform the Superior if anything is wrong. They have opportunities of mixing with the world, of teaching, lecturing, and sometimes of travelling. Their ideal remains the same. They are not to be shut up but, like their Master, are to go about doing good, living in the world but seeking not to be of it.

The Holy Father told the writer that the Messengers were a high expression of Catholic Action, and as the holy women helped St. Paul, so they were helping him, and he blessed them and their converts. God calls souls to many different kinds of Orders, and the Church needs them all. The Messengers are proud to know that many of their converts are now in old established Orders, Carmelites, Benedictines, and various teaching congregations, and they hope that yet many more may join them. Modern communities love and admire their elder Sisters, and are anxious to help them. Franciscans, Sisters of Charity, Foreign Missionary Orders for women were all modern in their day and derided as being "non-religious." Yet now they are universally recognized as such, and are doing heroic work, and the older Orders have not suffered but rather have prospered in consequence. So in these days, unless the Church has become barren, she must continue to exhibit her immemorial activity and fertility, and she is as anxious now as then to train her children to meet the needs of the age and to carry her message to a turbulent and unhappy world.

—Dorothy F. Gurdon, in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), June.

The Refugee Problem

The refugees, like the poor, are always with us. A feature of the post-war world is the growing practice of the totalitarian State to drive out masses of its citizens because they will not accept the political views of the governing power, or because they are of a different race from the majority. In some cases the refugees are not directly expelled; but life is made so intolerable for them in the State of which they are citizens, that they emigrate and seek refuge in other lands. . . .

During the last two years there

has been an incessant struggle between the humanitarian consciousness of the peoples, and the political caution and resentment of governments unwilling to tackle seriously the hard problem of the refugees. The peoples, moved by philanthropic bodies like the League of Nations Union, ask that the most elementary human right, the right of existence, should be granted to the stateless, as well as to the citizen; the bureaucracies are worried by the presence of the *déracinés:* Governments are often embittered against refugees from their own State. The Soviet Government, for example, is willing that the League should help German socialist refugees, but objects to collective action on behalf of White Russians. The Nazi Government, while willing to collaborate in the Nansen Office for the White Russians, will do nothing to help the hundred thousand who left Germany, and obstructs the transfer of their capital and the income from their property in Germany.

The economic crisis has aggravated the difficulties. As it was set forth recently in the report of an Experts Committee of the League, "the majority of Governments which have applied the right of asylum in a liberal spirit have found that their obligations in the matter of assistance, already complicated by unemployment, were further increased by the influx of the refugees, and that there was an inextricable network of countless general and individual cases in connection with the admission of refugees, public safety and police regulations . . . the elementary right to subsistence, provision for the sick, the children and the old, conveyance to other countries and deportations." . . .

The League tends to take up the attitude that it should be concerned only with the juridical and political protection of the exiles, while the task of assistance and settlement must be borne by the philanthropic associations. Clearly there must be the combination of an international organisation with co-ordinated philanthropic effort. What has been done for the refugees from Germany during the last two years, particularly for the Jewish refugees, is an example of this combination. The large majority of the Jews who have left Germany have been settled either in Palestine or in countries overseas, or in Europe, through the co-operation of Jewish organisations in all countries. The High Commission established by the League—but immediately orphaned from its parents — has been concerned to co-ordinate the work of the societies, to obtain from Governments passports and other papers for the exiles, and to negotiate —with limited effect—with Governments about the reception of the emigrants and about permits to work.

The League should be able, as its Experts Committee advised, to establish a single juridical régime applicable to all exiles; and there is need of an organisation, under the League, for an indefinite period, to act as pro-Consul for the scattered refugees who, deprived of the protection of a State, must obtain the protection of the international society, in order to enjoy a minimum of civil rights. The making of international Conventions is not enough: for the International Hell, it is said, is paved with good conventions. Experience has shown that national Governments, in time of difficulty, are disinclined to respect their obligations towards the

stateless stranger within their gates; and an international authority is required to hold them to their undertakings, and also to assist the philanthropic bodies to find homes for the ever-growing number of exiles.

As Lord Cecil declared at the first meeting of the Governing Body of the High Commission for the German refugees, there are still physical spaces and intellectual spaces in the world to be filled. The difficulty is, in time of exaggerated economic nationalism, to bring home to Governments the truth that energetic and intelligent emigrants bring wealth to a country and do not take the bread from the mouths of the inhabitants.

There is, too, an aspect of the problem which concerns closely international peace and well-being. The present disorder in dealing with masses of homeless and stateless persons menaces the future of two generations. Dr. Nansen pointed out to the Assembly of the League seven years ago, when conditions were less grave:

"If intelligent human beings are forced to brood over a situation so much against their wishes and efforts that they come to regard it as an injustice, and if they are denied the most elementary forms of protection, there is a danger that their physical and intellectual energies, instead of being turned into constructive channels, may be exploited in ways which will exact a heavy reckoning."

It will be for the next Assembly, it is hoped, to take clear and decisive action on a problem which has been too long deferred, and which will not be solved by walking away from it.

—NORMAN BENTWICH, in *The Contemporary Review* (London), July, 1936; American publication rights controlled by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York.

ANNAMESE CHRISTIANS

AN interesting account of the aborigines living on the southern plateaus of southern Annam is given by a priest of the Foreign Missions of Paris in the Vicariate of Saigon.

The people are called *Moys*, an Annamese word equivalent to the Roman term "Barbarian." Their history is unknown: some ethnologists say that they are descended from the Khmer; others maintain that they came from the Little Sunda Islands. They themselves know nothing about their past, and all their traditional legends are ingenuous fables. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, Creator of Heaven and Earth, but they have no name for this Being because, as they explain, everything was created such a long time ago that no one remembers the name of the Creator.

Their mild simple character, good morals, long established traditions, and their extreme poverty made them good subjects for the preaching of the Gospel, but it was not until January, 1927, that a missionary could be sent to them. Having no idea of what the European with the flowing beard and long black robe wished to tell them, their first impression was fear, and their first impulse was to flee, and in the beginning the women and children would take to their heels whenever the long beard appeared.

The missionary took a house near one of the villages. His household consisted of four Annamese Christians; two had come with him from Cochin-China. He had a good deal of time on his hands at first and he spent it in studying the language of his future parishioners and in de-

vising a system of approach. The young men whom he met along the trail always received him graciously, especially when he opened his tobacco pouch for them. But the villages were closed. At the first sign of his approach, big and small retired into the huts and stayed there until he went away.

He turned doctor, and his medical assistance soon obtained for him the entrance he awaited. The savages flocked to him. After a year of this sort of work the priest had the consolation of baptizing a dying leper woman, who thanked him and said: "I shall remember you in Paradise."

Such a large number of lepers came to him for treatment that a village of *Moy* lepers was established in the first part of 1929. It was started with twenty-seven lepers. This asylum puzzled the natives because they could not understand why the "Great Man," as they called the missionary before they learned to call him Father, should get down and take care of those outcasts whom they had driven from their villages. Even the lepers themselves asked the same question. Some trouble-makers started a rumour that the priest was fattening up the lepers with the intention of sending them to the zoo at Saigon to be fed to the tigers. A number of inmates ran away when they heard this, but before long no one believed such stories for they saw that the lepers at the priest's colony were well cared for, nourished and even treated with real affection.

At length came the first conversion. A twenty-year-old *Moy* of the *Koko* clan went to the priest and asked if he might not be allowed to worship the same *Jang* that the Father worshipped. On March 19th, 1930, approximately three years after the mission was founded, he was baptized and given the name Joseph Brae. At Christmas that year his whole family was received into the Church. Then one after another the *Moys* came for instruction and in due time were baptized. Joseph Brae acted as catechist and became the missionary's right hand.

To-day nine years after the coming of the missionary, the mission of Djiring, chief village of the *Koko Moys*, has a beautiful church for a community of three hundred Christians and catechumens. Two priests are in charge, one French and one Annamese.

—*The Tablet* (London), June 20th.

Recent Events

Encyclical on Motion Pictures

At the beginning of July, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., issued an Encyclical to "the archbishops and bishops of the United States of America, and to other ordinaries enjoying peace and communion with the Apostolic See, on motion pictures." The Pope began by expressing his gratitude to the hierarchy in this country, and to the faithful who coöperated with them, "for the important results already achieved under their direction and guidance by the Legion of Decency," and he urged upon all pastors of souls to have their people renew each year a pledge similar to that of the Legion, "to stay away from motion picture plays which were offensive to truth and Christian morality." The Holy Father approved the classification of pictures into those which are permitted to everybody, those permitted with reservations, and those which are positively bad, and he favored a "permanent national reviewing office" in each country, set up by the bishops.

The Holy Father felt it necessary to apply to motion pictures "a supreme rule which must direct and regulate the greatest of art in order that it may not find itself in continual conflict with Christian morality or even simply with human morality based upon natural law." The Supreme Pontiff stated an important principle: "The essential purpose of art," he wrote, "its *raison d'être*, is to assist in the perfecting of the moral personality which is man. For this reason it must itself be moral." The industry had failed to recognize this principle for it was obvious to everyone, as the Encyclical continued, "that the more marvelous the progress of the motion picture art and industry, the more pernicious and deadly has it shown itself to morality, religion and even to the decencies of human society."

His Holiness gave credit to the directors of the industry in the United States for the voluntary agreement they entered into in 1930 to clean up the movies, but he regretted that they had not been able to carry it into effect because apparently some "operators were not disposed to stand by principles to which they obligated themselves." Then came the Legion of Decency, "as a crusade for public morality designed to revitalize the ideals of natural and Christian rectitude." The Holy Father expressed "an exceedingly great comfort" in the outstanding success of this crusade, and he pointed out that financial investments in the industry have not suffered because of the crusade, "as was foretold gratuitously by many."

The Supreme Pontiff took a most liberal view of recreation. It "has become a necessity of people who labor under the fatiguing conditions of modern industry," he wrote, "but it must be worthy of the rational nature of man and therefore must be morally healthy; it must be elevated to the rank of a positive factor for good, and must seek to arouse a noble sentiment." There followed a stern word of warning: "People who in time of repose give

themselves to diversions which violate decency, honor or morality, to recreations which, especially to the young, constitute occasions for sin, are in grave danger of losing their greatest, even their national power." Further, the Encyclical continued, "there must be no weariness in combating whatever contributes to lessening the people's sense of decency and honor. This is the obligation which binds not only bishops but also the faithful, and all decent men who are solicitous for the decorum and moral health of the family, nation, and human society in general."

His Holiness expressed regret that the considerable number of Catholics in the motion picture industry, as executives, directors, authors and actors, have not exerted an influence according with their faith and ideals. He called upon the bishops to remind the industry that the demands they make regard not only Catholics but all who patronize the movies. Indeed, he said, the bishops "will win the approbation and approval of all right-thinking men, Catholic and non-Catholic, and they will help assure that this great international force, the motion picture, will be directed toward the noble end of promoting the highest ideals and the truest standard of life."

That others are deeply concerned about the effect of motion pictures on the life of the people is evident from a strong indictment of the movies in a statement issued by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, about the same time that the Encyclical appeared. This statement criticized gambling scenes in the pictures and so-called "bank nights" at the picture theaters. It lamented the distorted views of love and marriage, and over-done drinking scenes. Further, it took the newsreels to task for what it called "propaganda for war and armaments," in picturing news of armies and navies of the world.

Appointments in the Church's Diplomatic Service

In June the elder brother of our Apostolic Delegate, who had been the Nuncio to Peru, the Most Rev. Archbishop Gaetano Cicognani, was appointed Nuncio to Vienna, succeeding Cardinal Sibilia, who received the red hat with five others in that same month. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, for the past ten years, the Most Rev. Archbishop Andrew Cassulo, was named Nuncio at Bucharest, Roumania. Another South American Papal representative, Archbishop Cortesi, the Nuncio to the Argentine, was sent to Madrid to replace Cardinal Tedeschini.

Death of Bishop Turner of Buffalo

The Most Rev. William Turner, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, died July 10th. He had ruled this See in western New York since 1919, when he succeeded the present Cardinal-Archbishop of Philadelphia, then the Most Rev. Bishop Dennis J. Dougherty. Bishop Turner was born in Ireland in 1871 and educated there till he went to Rome to study for the priesthood. After his ordination there in 1893 he attended the Catholic Institute in Paris for a year and then came to America to the chair of philosophy in the Seminary of St. Paul, Minn. This post

he held for twelve years during which time he wrote his scholarly and popular *History of Philosophy* in 1903.

The Catholic University at Washington invited Dr. Turner to its School of Philosophy in 1906, and he taught there till he was named Bishop of Buffalo in 1919. During his last five years at the University, he was editor of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*. He was also an associate editor of *The American Catholic Historical Review*. The Bishop remained a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University and one of the Visiting Committee.

May his soul rest in peace!

New Roads in Rome and in Mexico

Early in July the press carried reports of a sixty-foot roadway cutting through a built-up portion of Rome into the plaza in front of St. Peter's, and giving an unobstructed view of that vast basilica from the Castle of St. Angelo. Some buildings will be destroyed; others of historic interest will be taken down and rebuilt elsewhere. It is an extensive and costly enterprise and will take, perhaps, three years to complete. It is reported that the plans have been approved by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

At the beginning of July the press carried news of the completion and the opening of another road, running from the southern border of the United States down through Mexico to the capital, and some incidents in the ceremonial opening of the road roused the ire of Catholics. The road, 786 miles long, and costing $17,000,000, was declared by a spokesman for Mexico to be "not for commercial purposes, but strictly for good will and amity between the two nations."

Representatives from this country journeyed to Mexico City where they were received in the National Palace on July 6th, by President Cárdenas. Our Vice-President, John M. Garner, headed the delegation, made up of Ambassador Josephus Daniels, three United States Senators, and four Representatives. The Mexican Cabinet and the governors of twenty-two Mexican States were present to welcome them. As quoted in *The New York Times*, President Cárdenas spoke of Mexico's contribution to the "realization of the dream of joining together the free peoples of this sphere of the world," and informed his audience that a "basic part of the government's work, originating from the emancipatory revolutionary armed movement, has been to establish centers of teaching and road communications through vast reaches of the republic formerly isolated and thus to liberate from ignorance and misery our country's masses."

The President paid glowing tribute to our Ambassador to Mexico: "Apart for his characteristic discretion," he said, "regarding the grave problems inherent in his mission, he has shown admirable energy and an austere, citizen-like virtue in expressing within the borders of his fatherland, and in opposition to adverse opinions from strong social groups, the truth about Mexico, many times the subject of calumny by baneful interests that Mexico's revolution has been forced to condemn as ridiculous in the light of our new social status."

Senator William G. McAdoo of California was quoted as saying: "A nation can be judged by . . . the pro-

found sense of stability and spirit of its people, the vision of its statesmen and the genius and skill of its people. The great Republic of Mexico," he added, "possesses those three elements in high degree."

A news item from Mexico City the following day, carried in *The Brooklyn Tablet*, for July 11th, records these same events, and then presents this picture: "The country is in the throes of warfare. People in State after State are rebelling against the dictators, who deny freedom of speech, religious liberty, free press, the rights of private property, liberty of education and many other ideals which Americans—Roosevelt liberals particularly—are supposed to profess if not champion. The press and people here know that thousands are in jail, more thousands have been murdered, and still other thousands are in the field fighting as did the American patriots in 1776. And what is more the people here know that over one-third of the United States Congress and millions of Americans, irrespective of race or religion, have strongly protested against the gangster terrorism prevalent in Mexico."

A parallel column in *The Tablet* carried ten extracts from various Mexican papers, giving their names and the dates of issue, and they are all within one week in June, showing actual conditions in Mexico to be quite different from that pictured in the glowing speeches of Cárdenas and our distinguished American visitors in July.

Laymen's Retreat Conference

The sixth annual meeting of the National Laymen's Retreat Conference was held in Chicago, June 27th-28th. Leo Cunningham of San Francisco was elected president, Lawrence J. Tierney, Brookline, Mass., first vice-president, and Daniel E. Morrissey of Chicago, national treasurer.

One of the points stressed by the Very Rev. James Gilsenan,—speaking at the Saturday evening banquet,—for attaining the retreat objective was for "Alertness on the part of all retreatants to see that a proper balance be maintained in the various fields of Catholic Action, using as their guide the uncompromising tenets of the Holy Father who teaches that laymen's retreats are the one single force that can do most towards sowing the seed of Catholic lay action."

For the first time in its history the Laywomen's Retreat Movement was represented at the meeting and with marvelous success. It was decided not to form a new organization, but to appoint a continuing committee, consisting of one representative from each permanent retreat house represented at the Conference, to function for the ensuing year. The chairman is Miss Mary Gertrude Quirk of Milwaukee; first vice-chairman, Miss Nell Merrigan, of New York; executive secretary, Mother Helen Clifford, R.C., Chicago Diocesan Retreat House at the Cenacle.

Our Contributors

As an Englishman, a convert, a poet and essayist, and one closely associated with "G. K. C." in his earlier days, THEODORE MAYNARD, PH.D., LITT.D., is peculiarly well equipped to be his eulogist. We fancy that the choice pleases G. K. himself with his keen sense of the fitness of things. Dr. Maynard is at present teaching at the Catholic University Summer School in San Antonio. His new book, a life of St. Francis Xavier, is scheduled for early publication.

DRAMATIC editor of *America* these many years, ELIZABETH JORDAN ("Brady's Nights Off") is known in other literary fields as well. She gave us her first story in November. Appleton-Century has recently published Miss Jordan's latest novel, *The Life of the Party.*

BORN in Copenhagen and educated in Bremen, EDWARD ULBACK came to America in 1920 when he was seventeen. He now lives in Los Angeles, is a member of the Archæological Society of America and has written much on classical and Biblical subjects for the more literate magazines, among them *Bibliotheca Sacra, The Classical Journal* and *The Open Court.* "Saint Augustine" introduces him most auspiciously to our readers.

ANOTHER newcomer this month is JACK GIBBONS MORRIS whose "Catholic Literature: Pages from a Primer" was used in substance as a lecture given before various Catholic study clubs in Chicago last winter. Educated at De Paul University and at the University of Illinois, Mr. Morris is a gifted young man keenly conscious of the plight of Catholic youth in these difficult days and waging a manly fight against a sometimes outrageous fortune. He is at present a reporter for the Chicago *Daily Times.*

AFTER reading CAROL COWARD's "In Praise of Amber," owners of the "limpid lump" will hold it doubly precious and possibly develop a meditative turn of mind. In her Sussex studio, Miss Coward has successfully filled many commissions for carved statues and crucifixes for patrons in this country and in England.

BRYAN M. O'REILLY ("Saint Patrick's Purgatory"), an Irishman of fine traditions, has been living in this country since his ancestral home was burned to the ground some ten years ago in the civil strife of which Ireland has been so long a victim. A grandson of the famous leader of the Papal Zouaves, Gen. Miles O'Reilly, writing is his chosen profession. He is a contributor to *Harper's, The Commonweal,* the New York *Sun,* etc.

CERTAINLY JOHN BROWN ("Something New in Universities") cannot complain that his life has been a dull one. At sixteen he left school to support his family and was successively sailor, boxer, tramp, honor student at Durham and at Oxford Universities. He is the author of *I Was a Tramp,* his highly success-

ful autobiography, and of *I Saw for Myself*, a study of modern Europe which has had the honor of being banned in Italy, Russia and Germany. Mr. Brown broadcasts from London on foreign affairs, and will be lecturing in this country next year.

EMILE KESSLER, PH.D., another new contributor, is the fortunate owner of the book he writes of in his "Tabb and Wordsworth." Dr. Kessler holds his degree from the Urban University in Rome. He is the author of *Benedictine Journeys* and a contributor to *America, The Commonweal*, etc.

MARY SINTON LEITCH sends us another prize winning essay in the Irene Leache Memorial Contest, in which she was the victor two years ago also. We predict that "Enjoying England's Inconveniences" will be as much liked as her "Out of England into Cornwall," copy after copy of which has disappeared from her library table.

WE are happy to print CAROL REYNOLDS's unusual story "There Was a Marriage" which is its author's first published work. Miss Reynolds lives in up-State New York and writes under a pseudonym.

THERE is much subtle satire in ALAN DEVOE's slightly antic little essay "Gadgets." It induces the thought that it might be well for us to consider a bit the opinions of our descendants in generations to come. Mr. Devoe writes from his Phudd Hill home in Hillsdale, N. Y.

ONE "Petronius Applejoy" was the subject of much praise and some curiosity for his critique of "Philip Guedalla" in our March number. We now present him undisguised as D. R. LOCK, a Welshman certainly possessing "The Fresh Eye" about which he writes so delightfully.

UNDOUBTEDLY a sense of humor is a necessary ingredient of a vocation to the foreign missions. FATHER EDWARD F. MADARAS, S.J., gives us an example of his in the sketch of a gallant "John Smith," which he sends us from the Jesuit mission in far-away Bagdad, Iraq.

OUR August poets are all of the gentler (we refuse to say weaker) sex. ELEANOR DOWNING confirms our conviction of her rare gift with her lovely "Fra Angelico." After a short vacation she has returned to town to teach at Hunter College Summer School. EDITH (MRS. GEORGE H.) TATUM's "Peace" has the lyric charm that explains the willingness of so many Editors to accept her work. "Regret" shows us that MARGUERITE P. (MRS. ARTHUR A.) CORCORAN is as skilled in poetry as in prose. We owe her an apology for having made her in a former biographical note the wife rather than the daughter-in-law of one of the founders of the Wilson Cypress Co. in Florida. Mrs. Corcoran is a relative of the renowned Dr. Pace of the Catholic University.

New Books

Mary Tudor. By Beatrice White.—The Development of American Business and Banking Thought, 1913-1936. By Charles C. Chapman, S.J.—Dramatis Personæ. By William Butler Yeats.—Defender of Democracy—Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. By Emil Ludwig.—Benes—Statesman of Central Europe. By Pierre Crabitès.—Borah of Idaho. By Claudius O. Johnson.—Democratic Despotism. By Raoul E. Desvernine.—The Green Lion. By Francis Hackett.—An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry. Edited by Howard Foster Lowry and Willard Thorp.—Shakespeare. By John Middleton Murry.—Four Plays by Lope de Vega. Translated by John Garrett Underhill.—The Chuetas of Majorca. By Baruch Braunstein, Ph.D.—Plays of Changing Ireland. Edited by Curtis Canfield.—Shorter Notices.

Mary Tudor. By Beatrice White. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.00.

While preaching in Hyde Park, London, some years ago, I was interrupted by a fanatical Protestant who cried out at the top of his voice: "What about Bloody Mary and the Smithfield burnings?" My persistent heckler kept repeating his question, and paid no attention whatever to my answers, until finally he was hustled away for interrupting a religious meeting by one of England's most efficient bobbies. I had remarked that the title "Bloody" might have been more justly given to Henry VIII., Elizabeth or Cromwell, had not English prejudice for four centuries been promoted by the ravings of sensational propagandists like the lying John Knox and the unscrupulous John Foxe.

In this well-written study Beatrice White, following in the footsteps of Catholic (Stone, Pastor) and non-Catholic historians (Gairdner, Innes) has emphasized Mary Tudor's many admirable qualities—her high courage in fighting countless enemies, her intense patriotism, her great magnanimity towards Elizabeth, Courtenay, Cecil and others, her sincere piety, her loyalty to Rome despite the bitter antagonism of Pope Paul IV.

Her life was a most unhappy one from the beginning to the end. In her youth she was separated from the mother she dearly loved, and after the farce of the divorce saw herself publicly branded as a bastard by a subservient Parliament; her mother's best friends, More and Fisher, were unjustly condemned to death as traitors; her father treated her with great harshness, and demanded under threat of treason that she acknowledge his spiritual supremacy; his concubine, Anne, would gladly have had her put to death; the puppet boy king, Edward, did his utmost to make her apostatize; Northumberland, Cranmer and other Councillors persuaded the dying Edward to exclude her from the succession.

Her brief reign (1553-1558) was troubled with continual rebellion and plottings; she made the great mistake of marrying Philip of Spain against the advice of her best friends; she became involved in a contest with Pope Paul IV., who unjustly charged Cardinal Pole with heresy and deprived him of his lega-

tine power; she was embittered at the end by the loss of Calais, a result due to her drastic economies.

With regard to her persecution of heretics, Miss White declares that in the sixteenth century "persecution was regarded as the inalienable and unquestioned right of Catholic and of Protestant. Ignorance alone can ascribe it solely to Catholics." She points out that the mild Cranmer burned Joan of Kent; Latimer preached for three hours at the execution of Friar Forrest; Calvin, amid almost universal applause, burned Servetus for his denial of the Trinity; Knox was a firm believer in persecution; Elizabeth persecuted Anabaptists, Presbyterians and Catholics alike. With Lecky, Miss White holds Protestant persecution the more deplorable inasmuch as "it was a new Church [she holds no brief for the continuity myth] which professed to rest upon the principle it did its best to destroy—the principle of private judgment."

Like most men and women of lowly origin who become possessed of limitless power, the Tudors were all despots; their Parliaments were mere rubber stamps. Mary was determined to restore the religion of her mother, as later on Elizabeth was determined to extirpate it. She was undoubtedly angered at the many scurrilous and seditious writings published against her government by the fanatical Protestants in England, and naturally indignant at the many outrages committed daily against the Catholic faith. As Gairdner puts it: "If the old religion was to be restored, it had to be protected from insult and violence, which was only too prevalent, and the renewal of the former laws against heresy (of Richard II., Henry IV. and Henry V.) seemed the only effectual means of doing so."

Relying on Pollard's *Henry VIII.*, Miss White falsely accuses Pope Clement VII. of suggesting bigamy to Henry VIII. As a matter of fact the suggestion came from Henry himself, and we have his ambassador's word for it that Clement put the question before his Consistory, which declared such a dispensation impossible. The question is treated at length in the tenth volume of Pastor's *Lives of the Popes*, and in Sander's *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism*. The assertion of Pollard that a dispensation for bigamy had been granted to Henry IV. of Castile has been proved to be without warrant; the dispensation in question was not a dispensation for bigamy, but an annulment for *impotency* granted by the Bishop of Segovia and confirmed by the Archbishop of Toledo. B. L. C.

The Development of American Business and Banking Thought, 1913-1936. By Charles C. Chapman, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2.50.

To those absorbed in the economic problems of the day, and who is not, this book will prove interesting and stimulating reading. Father Chapman's work is an intelligent attempt to measure, without using too many statistical yardsticks, the extent of change in business thought over the last twenty odd years. Nothing could be more important. To understand where we are and whither we are going in this field it is imperative to know the course and distance we have traveled. Unfortunately business differs from navigation, and the answer cannot be obtained by a celestial observation.

Most men of affairs will agree

with Father Chapman that the change in business thought during this period has been marked. Properly measured it is one of the most encouraging features of modern social progress. As he relates in broad terms, it encompassed the change from the dog-eat-dog business philosophy of the late nineteenth century to a coöperative one showing at least traces of intelligence. There is still a long way to go but it takes a bilious observer to say that we haven't made progress.

To measure and record the extent of this change is not easy. Father Chapman has chosen to show conditions at the beginning of the era (1913) by extensive quotations from the report of the Pujo Committee as well as from the writings of Louis Brandeis and his testimony before the Industrial Relations Committee.

As a next stage the author describes the beginning of the coöperative period, marked by the organization of many trade associations with their codes of ethics and their attempts to improve business conditions by a modified syndicalism in particular industries.

Of considerable interest in the movement at this stage, Father Chapman shows, was the assistance rendered by the national government through meetings known as Trade Practice Conferences, arranged by the Federal Trade Commission. This plan, applied during the years 1919-1927, permitted the units in various industries on their own initiative to formulate particular rules of self-regulation with the Commission sitting in as a representative of the public.

Father Chapman also treats the problem of credit control during this period and dedicates several interesting chapters to a study of the record of the Federal Reserve System. While he brings in a mixed verdict on this score, he obviously favors the idea of a strong Central Banking System and would expect important results if Reserve credit policies were more definitely directed toward a control of the nation's commodity price level.

Naturally Father Chapman's work is most convincing in dealing with those years in which he benefits from some historical perspective. When he reaches the Roosevelt administration his treatment becomes involved in matters which many still believe to be controversial. He is an ardent New Dealer and now sees the business attitude as quite reactionary. Time alone will tell.

To the reviewer it is also not a little disturbing to find a leading instructor of Catholic youth in America placing his benediction on the class warfare politics of the Roosevelt Brain Trust as Father Chapman does in his last chapter entitled "The Battle of the Century." However, this only serves to illustrate the strong evangelical character of the New Deal movement. To its disciples it is warfare and by them called Holy.

J. B. W.

Dramatis Personæ. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This autobiography consists of the new and superb essay, "Dramatis Personæ (1896-1902)," and three little books previously available only in limited editions. One is a record of casual thoughts transplanted from an old diary. Another defends the character and the work of J. M. Synge, whom Yeats discovered. The third tells of Yeats's visit to Stockholm to receive the

Nobel Prize. Only the title chapter is written in the exquisite vein of the earlier *Autobiographies*.

Yeats could not write a year-by-year history of himself even if he would, and unlike many of his contemporaries, he scorns to tell all. Selecting from his memories a dozen incidents, a score of people, he arranges them like *motifs* in a symphony; the theme is himself—or rather, a vividly recalled part of his earlier self. His prose style is impeccable: simple, direct, dignified, enchanting. If he recounts few anecdotes, every one of them deserves to be remembered. His word-sketches of the friends of his youth, especially George Moore and Lady Gregory, are little masterpieces of restraint. The economy of detail is positively tantalizing, but in the reader's mind the portraits are indelible.

Yeats has long been noted for his belief in fairies. In his youth he determined to revive the traditional pagan myths of Ireland, and with the help of Lady Gregory and others, he succeeded in founding a national Irish theater. His remaining a conscientious pagan must not be thought of as affecting the validity of his lyric and dramatic art. Despite un-Catholic treatment, *The Countess Cathleen* is one of the best religious plays of modern times, and *The Land of Heart's Desire* is one of the highest flights in romantic poetic drama since the death of Shakespeare. We may be disappointed—but we need not be shocked—to learn that Lady Gregory once said to Yeats: "I have longed to turn Catholic, that I might be nearer to the people, but you have taught me that paganism brings me nearer still." Would that every Catholic writer could get as near to the people as Lady Gregory! After all, Yeats has consistently refused to draw moral implications from the pre-Christian land of dream that he and his Catholic and non-Catholic friends have explored and reconstructed. Artistic restraints can be quite as rigid as moral restraints. Otherwise, Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley would be a mockery, and Louise Imogen Guiney's "Heathenesse" would be heretical. I am therefore convinced that Yeats, for all his dabbling in magic, has attained literary greatness. Like William Blake, he has seen visions and embodied them within the limits of high art. The artistic conscience, right or wrong, will not be denied. Even if Yeats were an outspoken enemy of the Church — which he certainly is not—only a fool would underrate his magnificent power. The wise and well-balanced critic might oppose, tooth and nail, every conviction of such a formidable adversary, but never without respect and admiration for his great genius.

C. M.

Defender of Democracy—Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.00.

Benes—Statesman of Central Europe. By Pierre Crabitès. London: George Routledge & Sons. 12 *s.* 6 *d.* New York: Coward-McCann. $3.00.

These two portraitures are companion pieces. Masaryk is the father, Benes the son. Both were children of the people and when the World War opened the gates to revolution, it was the son of a coachman who won over Woodrow Wilson to the scheme of fashioning Czechoslovakia from the ruins of the old Austro-Hungarian Em-

pire, while Benes, the farmer boy who was Masaryk's *protégé*, worked at Paris and Prague to consolidate Czech nationalism. Both became experts in propaganda and the most effective masters of journalism. Together they created the new republic and when Masaryk grew too old to remain as President of Czechoslovakia, his disciple, Benes, naturally succeeded to the office. The two statesmen epitomize a good deal of European history since the War.

For that reason, these two studies are well worth reading. But it should be remembered that Pierre Crabitès possesses far more of the judicial mind than Emil Ludwig. The latter is prominent in the fading school of those *littérateurs* who write fictionized biography. Furthermore, he is a German Jew who takes every opportunity to insist that the Czech patriot never regarded the founder of Christianity as more than a lovable man and a great prophet. "Jesus," the prophet, fits well into the Hebraic pattern. It is easy to see how bitterly Ludwig hated the Empire of Franz Josef and how passionately he despises the Germany of Hitler. Defender of Democracy is not so much the story of Masaryk's life as the delighted appreciation of Ludwig for most of the ideals and motives he finds embodied in his hero's conversation. In this sense, the book is a series of panegyric personal interviews.

If there is a defect in Judge Crabitès' presentation of Benes it consists in an excess of the objective method. Documents, letters, telegrams and proclamations are quoted at length. This method provides a mine of information for the scholar but hardly an imaginative or emotional feast for the casual reader. Nevertheless the facts are there in abundance and the student is permitted to draw his own conclusions. J. F. T.

Borah of Idaho. By Claudius O. Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00.

The fact that Senator Borah is still a dominant figure in national politics will urge many—both admirers and opponents—to read this interesting biography.

William E. Borah was born in 1865 on a little farm in Fairfield, Ill. Mr. Johnson gives us a meager account of his schooling at Enfield College and Kansas University, where he made a brief stay. He studied law in the law office of his brother-in-law, and at the age of twenty-five set out to make his fortune in Boise, Idaho, a town of 2,300 people.

Within seven years he was earning an annual income of $30,000 in criminal and civil cases, in the meanwhile dabbling in politics for which he had a natural bent. He became widely known throughout his State for his prosecution of Corcoran, Haywood and other officials of the Western Federation of Miners, and in 1907, despite the Republican machine, was elected to the United States Senate.

The bulk of this volume is devoted to the policies he advocated or opposed during the past twenty-nine years, no matter what might be the views of his fellow Republicans. Hence his name of "The Lone Wolf." He championed the income tax, the direct election of Senators, the independence of the Philippines, the "noble experiment" of prohibition, woman suffrage and disarmament conferences; he opposed our entry into the League of

Nations and the World Court, the soldiers' bonus, the recall of judges, the cancellation of European war debts, the appointments of Taft, Hughes and Brandeis to the Supreme Court, the seating of Senators who had purchased their seats by bribery, etc.

A final chapter on the New Deal states that Borah's opposition to certain New Deal measures has been based on the fact that powers have been unconstitutionally delegated to the Executive. "To the Senator this means much more than a simple violation of the Constitution. It is the admission of the failure of representative government."

B. L. C.

Democratic Despotism. By Raoul E. Desvernine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

Regarded as a campaign document or an advocate's brief, the present book deserves a high rating. It points out clearly the extremes toward which the policies of the National Administration have been tending, emphasizes the dangerous and un-American nature of a paternalistic State, and by way of proof, accumulates statements made by the New Dealers themselves and deeds for which they are responsible.

These chapters constitute a grave indictment of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and an indictment very difficult to explain away. On the other hand, it must be said that, at least for the critical reader, the author weakens his case by overstatement. To get support for his thesis he presses facts, he tortures phrases. Many of us are not yet persuaded that the New Deal is part of a deliberate plan to transform this nation into a Totalitarian State. Nor can anyone prove that such is the intention of Mr. Roosevelt and his advisors simply by showing that some or most of their policies lean towards that transformation. There still remains the question,—was not some movement towards fuller control imperative, as a measure of economic and political safety? True, the Administration has already gone a long distance towards paternalism; and the average old-fashioned American, viewing the situation from an unpartisan standpoint, has already concluded that it is time to sound the alarm. That, however, does not imply that Mr. Roosevelt is essentially the American counterpart of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Kemal.

Much use is made of Mr. Roosevelt's rather dismaying address to Congress on January 3, 1936. Yet one may take some comfort in the fact that intelligent critics of the Administration have recently noted a more conservative trend in the official statements of our chief Executive. Perhaps after all, the future is not quite so dark as Mr. Desvernine believes. He has given us a thought-provoking book: he is on the right side; he is tugging at the reins of a restive steed. And we may hope that the car of State will be slowed down soon to an orderly method and rate of progress.

J. McS.

The Green Lion. By Francis Hackett. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.

By what seemed to be chance, the return of *Parnell* to Broadway and the publication of Mrs. Leamy's book, coincided with the appearance of a novel which revolves largely around the Parnell Movement. Its theme is the life of an Irish lad in

Kilkenny, approximately from his sixth to his sixteenth year, and, although the story drags a bit, as is the fashion nowadays, it exhibits again that proof of intimate acquaintance with Irish life which is inseparably associated with the name of the author.

The boy's mental and religious development are affected by certain phases of the Parnell Movement, and by the Dreyfus Case as well. The reader may suspect that in this respect the story is at least partly biographical. Indeed, one is led to the further surmise that the whole story may have been planned to give the author an opportunity to express his views of the Catholic Church, her clergy and her moral teaching. When he touches sex he is almost sure to be coarse; when he touches religion, shallow. It is but incidentally—though not unconsciously, one hopes — that he ever pays tribute to the spiritual idealism which the Irish Catholic has always symbolized.

It is unfortunate,—and to a man of the author's training and ambition, particularly discreditable,—that he has fashioned for himself so petty a concept of the political and religious issues which form the background of his tale. From one who has studied and written so much on historical subjects, we might reasonably have expected a juster and more objective attitude. Thinking men have long grown weary of listening to that old refrain which Mr. Hackett chants for us once again. Whenever, and wherever,—in sixth century Italy or in nineteenth century Ireland,—the Catholic clergy have inherited the leadership of an abandoned people, and have courageously undertaken to share their burdens, solve their problems, and resist their oppressors, it is the habit of honest history to record that the priesthood was discharging an inescapable duty laid upon it by the very nature of things. Yet, always there will be some one whose plans are upset, or whose interests are injured, to raise a cry "Let priests keep out of politics!" Retelling the story of nearly fifty years ago, Mr. Hackett is at it once again! J. McS.

An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry. Edited by Howard Foster Lowry and Willard Thorp. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50.

This companion volume to *The Anthology of Prose* is prepared not only with a view to scholastic needs, but also to serve "that wider company" of readers who love to review old favorites, or go a-searching for new beauties in our poetic heritage. The editors of a collection such as this, have abundant opportunity to make errors of judgment. In the present instance they make few, if any. Wisely they begin with selections from Middle English, and for the sake of color, keep them in the old spelling, as they do too with Spenser. Consciously ambiguous punctuation, so common in the Tudor and Stuart poetry, is retained except in places where it would be misleading; and the best Elizabethan poets are permitted to spell, though not to capitalize, as they please.

These editors seem not to be either self-satisfied or dogmatic. They confess to have been influenced occasionally by old friends and by private prejudice,—as everyone must be, consciously or unconsciously. Their standard of choice has been the poetry which "seems

most worth reading and in itself most worth returning upon." In contrast with some other anthologists, they make no attempt to include literary criticism.

Of the 1,200 pages in the book, half are given to poets who died after the year 1800, beginning with William Blake and ending with Thompson, Hardy, Hopkins, Bridges and Housman. There are a Chaucer Glossary and a series of brief biographies at the end of the volume, as well as an index of Titles and an index of First Words. Happily, the biographical sketches never attempt to tell the reader what he should or should not think about a poet or a poem. J. Mcs.

Shakespeare. By John Middleton Murry. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.00.

This is a critical study, not a biography. Mr. Murry has attempted to do for Shakespeare what he has already done for Christ in his *Life of Jesus*. He finds the magic key to Shakespeare's creative genius in the critical dicta of Keats and Blake. He agrees with Professor Bradley that "only Hamlet, of all Shakespeare's characters, could have written Shakespeare's plays." It never occurs to him that perhaps even Shakespeare could not have written Keats's prose or Blake's poetry.

Far from being a scholarly synthesis founded on established facts, the book embodies one sensitive reader's imaginative re-creation of a great mind. Mr. Murry's speculations are no more misleading than the finespun reconstructions of the dry-as-dust professors, and his brilliant writing actually persuades one to swallow a camel or two. He is convinced that the Earl of Southampton was both the friend in the *Sonnets* and the "onlie begetter," and that Chapman was the rival poet. If such conclusions can be neither proved nor disproved, certainly they cannot be ignored. The academic hiatus-filler is afraid of finality—about anything that really matters. The free-lancing subjectivist cuts every Gordian knot with an epigram. Both leave us disappointed; both drive us back to the Folio. Some of us, like Mr. Murry, humanly crave an impossible certainty and cannot refrain from publishing our own too rash solutions.

Out of a thousand clues, *nuances*, and faint overtones, Mr. Murry has created a new Shakespeare—not the real Shakespeare and not an entirely new one. The portrait deserves space in the well-stocked gallery. It reveals, happily, a great genius who, for all his flights among the gods, remained a flesh-and-blood man. The stout English heart is there. The astounding mind is portrayed, for the most part, with broad sweeps of the brush, but not a few exquisite strokes give life to details. C. M.

Four Plays by Lope de Vega. Translated by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

It is an extraordinary fact that the Spaniard Lope de Vega, the most prolific playwright in literary history, is scarcely more than a name to the English-speaking world. The only accessible Lope offering up to now has been *The Star of Seville* (included in Brander Matthews' *Chief European Dramatists*), but ironically enough modern scholars deny its authenticity.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-

1635), university graduate, enlisted man in the Invincible Armada, priest, and playwright, produced 1,800 full-length dramas which were acted and over 400 *autos* or one-act religious pieces. No wonder Cervantes called him "a prodigy of nature!" He employed neither secretaries nor assistants although he wrote his plays in longhand. Copies were made by the actors and from these such manuscripts have been salvaged as were subsequently considered worthy of publication. Lope refused to be bound down by the classification of tragedies and farces and invented the *comedia* which, said Fitzmaurice Kelly, "fused the most diverse elements into one spacious whole."

Now, three hundred years after Lope's death, we are presented with four of his typical and authentic plays, *A Certainty for a Doubt, The Gardener's Dog, The King the Greatest Alcalde* and *The Sheep Well.* They are admirably translated and are certain to awaken the gratitude of the army of intelligent English-speaking people who love the world's classics, but have hitherto found Lope's dramas a sealed book and his genius a thing to be taken on faith. J. J. R.

The Chuetas of Majorca. By Baruch Braunstein, Ph.D. Scottdale, Pa.: Mennonite Publishing House. Columbia University Oriental Series. Vol. XXVIII. $2.50.

Dr. Braunstein has written a detailed history of the methods and procedure of the Spanish Inquisition in Majorca, which concerned itself chiefly with the nominal converts (*Conversos*) from Judaism known as Chuetas. He tells us in his Introduction that he has no intention of defaming the Catholic Church by this treatise, for he holds the Spanish Kings and their officials responsible for the Inquisition's injustice and cruelty. "The State," he asserts, "used the Inquisition as an instrument of governmental policy in making from a heterogeneous Spain a homogeneous, national State. The fact that some high Spanish churchmen—Archbishop Carranza of Toledo and others—were persecuted by the Inquisition which often defied the wishes of Rome, indicates that it was not a creature of the Church. It was rather a servant of the State." Pastor in his *History of the Popes* (Vol. IV., p. 400) mentions a brief of Pope Sixtus IV., January 29, 1482, which speaks of a number of Spaniards imprisoned without trial, subjected to cruel tortures, and unjustly deprived of their possessions by inquisitors who disregarded all law and justice.

That the *Conversos* secretly practiced Judaism with its fasts, customs and its dietary laws, while they denied the Trinity and the divinity of Christ and looked for the Messiah to come is admitted by the author who says: "We must not lose sight of the fact that the Inquisition was exercising its duty when it arrested the *Conversos* on charges of relapse into heresy." B. L. C.

Plays of Changing Ireland. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Curtis Canfield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Is laughter hushed in Ireland? Sadness and unrest seem the undercurrent of these eight plays selected as most typical of the modern Irish drama. Four were produced at the Gate and four at the Abbey Theater in Dublin. The first group, labeled "Experimentation and Expression,"

includes two on Dean Swift. In Yeats's one-act play, *The Words Upon the Window Pane*, Swift, Stella and Vanessa speak through a medium at a séance where, foreseeing the horrors to be done under the flag of the revolutionary spirit that he himself had fathered, Swift's disjointed mind recoils from the risk of human parenthood in marriage with Vanessa. But, according to Lord Longford's *Yahoo*, Swift sought escape from Vanessa in a nominal marriage with Stella. Between the scenes of a dinner-party in *Church Street*, Lennox Robinson shows us, in the notes taken by a young playwright who was present, some glimpses of the drama that may lie hidden behind the commonplace exterior of the guests. It is tame expressionism compared to Denis Johnston's *The Old Lady Says "No,"* in which we follow the nightmares of an actor hit by a sandbag in the wings as he is playing in a romantic tragedy of Emmet. A wild and savage satire of Irish political history follows. We would have preferred to reprint Johnston's later play, *The Moon in the Yellow River*.

Part II. presents "The New Realism in Comedy and Tragedy" introduced by George Shiels in his rather trite peasant comedy, *The New Gossoon*. It is, however, a healthy antidote to Mary Manning's *Youth's the Season—?*, which exhibits the drunken futility of the post-War generation in smart Dublin society. "Terrible is he who has nothing to lose," cries the young man who shoots himself. It is as a fox that the spirit of *Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown* returns to smirk at his relations who have all been left out of his will in the not very merry comedy of landed gentry by Lady Longford. *Bridge Head* by Rutherford Mayne is a graphic picture of the Free State Land Commission in action, with a Japanese traveler taking notes. It is the strongest play in a drear collection.

E. VR. W.

SHORTER NOTICES

BIOGRAPHY: **My Life and Work.** By Dr. Adolf Lorenz (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50). When the promising young Viennese surgeon, Adolf Lorenz, had seriously injured his hands by four years' constant use of the poisonous carbolic spray, his future looked dark indeed. But his friend, Dr. Albert, consoled him with the advice: "Well, if you cannot stand wet surgery, try dry surgery," meaning orthopedic surgery, a science then in its infancy. Within a few years through his new methods Dr. Lorenz had secured a world-wide reputation. His book, however, is not a treatise on orthopedic surgery. It is interesting because it gives us a glimpse of life in an obscure Silesian village, tells of school days in a Benedictine monastery and at the University of Vienna, describes conditions in pre-War and post-War Austria, his home life, his hobbies, his holidays. When he discusses morals or religion he gives the lie direct to his Catholic upbringing. He advocates sterilization of the unfit and euthanasia for the sorely afflicted; he prefers abortion to a premature birth, and praying in God's open spaces to attending Mass; he preaches indifferentism in religion, and is skeptical about miracles and the soul's immortality.

Ellen Ewing. By Anna McAllister (New York: Benziger Bros. $3.50). On May 1, 1850, Ellen Boyle Ewing of Lancaster, Ohio, was married in Washington before a distinguished gathering — the President, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were of the party—to Lieutenant Sherman, a graduate of West Point. Her thirty years of happy married life are vividly pictured in these pages by Mrs. McAllister, who has made good use of the many documents and letters placed at her disposal by members of the family. These letters give us an insight into conditions that prevailed in Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco and New York in ante-Civil War days; they follow Sherman in his Civil War campaigns; they picture the devotedness of an army officer's wife facing every kind of hardship without a murmur, while she raised a large family of sterling Catholic men and women. As General Sherman's only living son, P. Tecumseh Sherman, says in his foreword: "Particularly this volume is accurate in its presentation of the lifelong relations between my mother and father—contradictory to insinuations in some biographies of the latter. Between my father and mother there were of course many differences; but never did their differences interfere with unwavering mutual respect, consideration and affection."

The Happy Ascetic. By Rev. Joseph R. N. Maxwell, S.J. (New York: Benziger Bros. $1.75). Father Adolph Petit, S.J., often spoke of himself as "little by name, little by stature [he was under five feet] and little by birth." But as Father Maxwell proves by many witnesses in this charming biography he made himself large "by his goodness, his kindliness, his boundless confidence in God, his love for his neighbor, and his zeal for souls." He spent most of his long active life (1822-1914) in the Belgian abbey of Tronchiennes, the home in the Middle Ages of the Premonstratensians. One day he may be officially reckoned among the saints, as the cause for his beatification was begun by the Bishops of Ghent and Namur in 1931.

Religion: The Fool Hath Said. By Beverley Nichols (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.00). Whatever else one may say of this book it cannot be set aside without the conviction of sincerity stamped on every page. It is the author's spiritual Odyssey from agnosticism to Christianity and an application of Christianity to some of the world's vexing social problems. In the first section we have the usual proofs of the preambles of faith. It is vitiated by an eclecticism which totally ignores the Petrine texts with the result that the author ends not in the Christ-founded Church but in the Protestantism of the Oxford Group, or Buchmanism. He should have included Catholic exegesis in his critical study of the Scriptures. Parts of the chapter devoted to Christ and Sex, together with the manner in which Mr. Nichols writes of St. Paul, are definitely offensive to the traditional Christian mind. The best of the book is the criticism of war and money in the light of Christianity. It is to be hoped that the author will not stop here in his search for truth; the book has his usual literary charm and by virtue of its genuineness is bound to stir his many readers to salutary thought.

My Spiritual Pilgrimage. By Caro-

lyn Therese Kobbe (New York: The Devin-Adair Co.) This is the story of an earnest soul won to the faith by a kindly and tactful priest in Switzerland who said to her: "If you are unhappy, you must go to God. He will show you the way." Heartbroken by her husband's sudden death, the author dabbled for a time in Spiritism, Christian Science and Theosophy, but these pagan cults failed to give her the slightest comfort. Earnest prayers in various churches in Rome together with a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes helped her greatly on her road to the City of Peace. And finally, despite the opposition of relatives and friends, she was baptized by another kindly and tactful priest in the Paulist Church in New York City. Most of the volume is devoted to the author's pilgrimages to various European shrines—Lourdes, Lisieux, Paray-le-Monial and St. Anne d'Auray.

L'Ecole Mystique Carmelitaine. By P. Crisogono de Jesus Sacramentado. Translated by D. Vallois-Del Real (Paris: Emmanuel Vitte. 20 *fr.*). The author of this book undertakes to show the identity of the spiritual teaching of the Discalced Carmelites with that of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. He divides the history of the Carmelite School into five periods: that of preparation; of formation (during the lifetime of St. Teresa, St. John and their immediate disciples); of development (during the latter part of the seventeenth century); of Scholastic method and codification (in the eighteenth century), and the apologetic period defending the Carmelite tradition, from the nineteenth century to our own day. The work concludes with a summary of the mystical doctrine of the Carmelite School. Without having the Spanish original under our hands, we may at least affirm that this translation is clear, and to all appearances conscientiously made. Among the most interesting passages are those which deal with the discussion carried on in France between Canon Saudreau and Père Poulain, S.J., on the question whether or not mystical prayer is a normal development of the life of grace.

The Greatest Calling. By Most Rev. S. Waitz, D.D., Archbishop of Salzburg. Translated by Rev. Joseph Stang (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $1.50). Priests will welcome Father Stang's excellent translation of the twelve conferences given by Archbishop Waitz of Austria at a priests' retreat. These common sense, practical sermons deal with the dignity of the priesthood, the life of prayer, the divine office, the Mass, the Sacred Scriptures, the striving after perfection, and devotion to the Passion of our Lord.

A Saint of Today. By Rev. Joseph J. Daley, S.J. (New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $2.00). With the autobiography of the Little Flower as his text, and with a tender but virile love of the popular Carmelite saint as his inspiration, Father Daley writes a charming commentary on the Way of Spiritual Childhood which "has gripped and enthused the hearts of men the world over." He solves the problem of the apparent contradiction between St. Thérèse's humility and her bold prophecies of her future glory in heaven. Strangely enough he does not think that she appeals to the Catholic young women of our time. That has not been our experience.

Vie Intérieure. By Abbé Jacques Leclercq (Bruxelles: Editions de la

Cité Chrétienne. 27 *fr.*). The third volume of the Abbé Leclercq's *Catholic Moral Essays* treats of the supernatural value and efficacy of prayer in all its forms — vocal prayer, liturgical prayer, meditation, contemplation, prayer to Our Lady, St. Joseph and the Saints, devotion to the Person of Christ, the Mass and the Holy Eucharist. He answers the objections of Protestants and unbelievers, outlines the history of the liturgy and particular devotions, describes the various schools of spirituality, and gives a critical, common sense account of modern tendencies and movements. He quotes extensively from St. Thomas, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales and St. Ignatius, and from modern spiritual writers—Brou, Berlière, Garrigou-Lagrange, Maynard, Massoulié, Pourrat, Saudreau and others.

LITERATURE AND FICTION: Boz: An Intimate Biography of Charles Dickens. By Joseph C. Boarman and James L. Harte (Boston: The Stratford Co. $2.00). Surely one of the most delectable bees that ever buzzed in a bonnet is that the "scribblers itch" absolves one from workmanship and that enthusiasm can replace taste and judgment. This book tells us nothing new—not that we could expect that—but it is trite, sugary and verbose. Some candid friend would have done well to suppress the venture before it reached the publicity of print.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1935 and Yearbook of American Poetry. Edited by Alan F. Pater (New York: Poetry Digest Association. $4.00). Catholic magazines, including THE CATHOLIC WORLD, are well represented in this Anthology. To the one hundred and fifty poems included are appended lists of books of poetry and lists of names and addresses of publishers and magazine editors who publish poetry. It is a good reference book for inexperienced poets.

Greater Love. By John Rathbone Oliver (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). A well-meant but somewhat unsatisfactory story by the author of *Fear* and *Four Square*, this novel may surprise the popular writer's public by its evident emphasis on the authority of the Church of Rome. A mother and son (by adoption) spend a month in performing acts of reparation for the wrongs done by a third member of this artificial family. The plot moves along trippingly but is marred by an arm of coincidence too long even for romance. The characters are typical rather than red-blooded, but as is usual in Dr. Oliver's books, a mantle of generous sympathy and sincere emotion covers a multitude of minor discrepancies.

Monogram. By G. B. Stern (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). In this lightly conceived autobiographical sketch, a gentle humor—winsome when it stops being self-conscious — pervades Miss Stern's thoughts on such widely dissimilar subjects as the Grand Canyon, air raids, Hong Kong Harbor, the opening of *Journey's End* in Berlin, Peter Pannery, and the Marx Brothers. It is a series of colored movies of her mind in action, and as such is amusing and interesting, but it does little to satisfy the curiosity it arouses as to the facts or chronicle of her life, and some of its best passages are marred by unexpected vulgarisms.

Storm Tossed. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (St. Louis: The Queen's Work. $2.00). In this stirring story of a

factory strike, Father Lord contrasts the Gospel of Christ with the gospel of Stalin,—Catholic social justice to be won by peaceful means and love with communistic justice to be brought about by violence and hate. The Jesuit graduate—a consummate cad—loses his faith to become a communist; the communist worker—a good sort—is won to the Church by the good example of Catholic workers for social justice. Hate seems the victor in the end, for the strike goes on. The lesson is plain: let Catholics emulate the zeal of the communist; let communists study the Catholic principles of justice and of charity.

The King's Good Servant. By Olive B. White (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This story of the last six years in the life of Thomas More, is surprisingly disappointing. It lacks the measured quality of Sargent's recent biography and fails to compensate with the popular appeal that might have been expected. Its best quality, a close view of More in his daily environment and familiar relations, is almost smothered by its verbosity and dull dialogue. In many places, carelessness beclouds lucidity; for instance, the unwary reader might naturally suppose Meg to be kin to Henry VIII. rather than to More when she is startlingly alluded to as "wife and mother of twenty-four"! Obviously, much effort has been expended in the writing of this book; the commendable purpose and the worthy subject make us all the more sorry that it is not as satisfactory as it might have been.

MISCELLANEOUS: **Discoveries of a Music Critic.** By Paul Rosenfeld (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50). Mr. Rosenfeld belongs in the class with those whose musical experiences are invariably translated into terms of visual impressions. Musical sounds, musical ideas yield him the sensuous delights of color. The opening chapter, the World of the Phonograph, records his reactions while listening to the Gregorian chants of the Benedictines of Solesmes Abbey, to the second act of Tristan and Isolde, and to a Moussorgsky opera. The music of these three selections, so wholly unlike—the austere and spiritual, the sumptuous and worldly, the direct and simple—all produce visual images for Rosenfeld, all evoke scenes of sky, of earth, of ocean. This is not said to disparage a book of entertaining commentary on music of diverse nature, a book moreover that includes acute and penetrating judgments. It will appeal largely to a section of music lovers who use music as a springboard to jump off into daydreams, into reminiscences, into romance. The book is an expansion with new material of articles already published in various reviews and weeklies. The arrangement is chronological, beginning with Monteverde and passing rapidly by way of Bach and Beethoven to the Modernists.

Your Child in Health and in Sickness. By Hugh L. Dwyer, M.D. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75). The author of this authoritative work on the care of the child is well equipped for his task. He is associate professor of Pediatrics at the University of Kansas and attending physician to the Children's Mercy Hospital, Kansas City, and has published more than thirty papers on child welfare and the diseases of children. He has happily avoided extremes in presenting a book, written in explicit, plain and non-tech-

nical language which while embodying the most recent reliable knowledge on the subject is free from eccentricities and keeps in view the standpoint of the mother and not of the doctor. The doctor, by the way, who is not a specialist in babies, will find the book most useful in providing answers to questions concerning preparation of foods, infants' clothing and so on—important questions which are omitted in the standard medical textbooks.

Eat, Drink and Be Wary. By F. J. Schlink (New York: Covici Friede. $2.00). One encounters with a certain amount of astonishment the statement on the jacket of this book: "This book is the first discussion of the problems of diet and food adulteration from the standpoint of the man or woman who must eat the food." We had thought that other volumes also were written from this point of view. However, it seems certain that no other book has presented in popular manner so large an amount of interesting technical information. The author's status as sometime research engineer and physicist in the United States Bureau of Standards, guarantees the validity of his matter. He tells us how food values are destroyed in packing, in transporting; how hurtful food fads are propagated by crooked advertising; how experts are hired to circulate theories with regard to bran, oranges and viosterol and vitamin D milk. But few people concerned about the eating of pure food will get to the end of this book without a sense of something approaching despair.

Give Me Liberty. By Rose Wilder Lane (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents). Preferring the study of American people in the concrete to the analysis of abstract charts and statistics, the author, a former communist, makes an excellent case to show that the greater progressiveness and prosperity of this country is due to freedom from State supervision. She believes, after actually being on the scene, that the worst tyranny is the one now existing in Russia, the tyranny of bettering the people whether they like it or not. While she acknowledges the injustices that are necessarily connected with a system of *laissez-faire*, she concludes that the "anarchy of individualism" is better than State controlled security administered through a giant bureaucracy. The fault of this otherwise interesting little book is oversimplification. For in the face of the recurring problems of business depression and unemployment and the inevitable misery they bring, one can no longer be satisfied with the optimism which relies solely on untrammeled individualism for a lasting solution.

Traveller in Time. By Mairin Mitchell (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). With the eye of an artist and the imagination of a poet, Miss Mitchell travels all over Europe, ending with side trips to Canada and the Aran Isles. In every city she traces for us the wanderings of Irish soldiers, saints and scholars. We visit the Irish colleges of Paris and Salamanca, view priceless Irish manuscripts in the Burgundian Library of Brussels, and St. Brigid's cloak at Bruges, and tread in the footsteps of St. Killian in Germany, St. Colman in Austria and St. Gall in Switzerland. Whether she travels in the well-trodden paths of the average tourist, or takes us to rarely visited towns of Poland, Hungary or Catalonia, she always captures

our interest by her clear-cut sketches of places and people, her vivid reconstruction of history, her dramatic tales of robbers in Paris, black magic in Strassburg, or of Indian missions in Canada. The setting of the televiewand tempevision pictures in the Televiewe Theater of 1942 adds nothing to the reader's interest. At times too some chapters are overcrowded with facts that might have been gleaned from the pages of a Baedeker guidebook.

Broadcasting Your Talk. By O'Brien Atkinson (New York: The America Press. 25 cents). The outcome of experience, carefully prepared, well divided, practical, strictly up to date and even carefully indexed, this booklet of instruction in the art of broadcasting is a good example of much wisdom in small compass. Discussing quite simply, yet authoritatively,—sometimes almost too authoritatively,—the points which are of interest to the learner, it makes a contribution of very definite and indeed considerable value. Intended primarily to give instruction to those who are preparing to address an audience over the air, it will be of use also to others who speak from the lecture platform, or even may we venture to suggest—even to other some who preach from the pulpit. At a somewhat lower price, it would have a better prospect of reaching that large circulation which it undoubtedly deserves.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. M.: Christopher Martin, M.A., writer and critic, Instructor in English, Townsend Harris Hall, College of the City of New York.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic, New York City; author of *Monica*.

J. B. W.: James B. Walker, Jr., writer and financier, New York City.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at St. Louis University; associate editor of *Thought* for the department of International Relations and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Newman as a Man of Letters, Dear Prue's Husband and Other People*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *A Primer of Prayer, The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:
The Sacred Heart of Christ. By Rev. F. Kosz, O.M.I. $2.00.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
A Parson in Revolt. By Joseph McCulloch. $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
What's the Name, Please? By Charles Earle Funk. $1.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., New York:
Travels in Two Democracies. By Edmund Wilson. $2.50.

HARPER & BROS., New York:
Eyeless in Gaza. By Aldous Huxley. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Study of English Literature. By Samuel Pendleton Cowardin, Jr., Ph.D., and Paul Elmer More, A.M., Litt.D., LL.D. $1.00.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Talks for Girls. By Rev. Aloysius Roche. *Psychology in Questions and Answers.* By Rev. Hilarion Duerk, O.F.M. $1.50.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
Stories of Three Decades. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. $3.00. *Gunnar's Daughter.* By Sigrid Undset. $2.00. *Incarnation.* By Wilfrid Brandon. Transcribed by Edith Ellis. $2.00.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
Mexican Interlude. By Joseph Henry Jackson. $2.50. *A Letter from Pontus and Other Verse.* By John Masefield. $2.00. *On the Rim of the Abyss.* By James T. Shotwell. $3.00. *Strange Holiness.* By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. $1.75. *Gone With the Wind.* By Margaret Mitchell. $3.00. *The Discussion of Human Affairs.* By Charles A. Beard. $1.75. *Birds in the Wilderness.* By George Miksch Sutton. $3.50.

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, New York:
Whose Constitution? By Henry A. Wallace. $1.75. *The Adopted Child.* By Eleanor Garrigue Gallagher. $2.50.

SHEED & WARD, New York:
The Restoration of Property. By Hilaire Belloc. $1.50. *Easy Essays.* By Peter Maurin. 75 cents.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:
Catholic Action Handbook. By Joseph Will, S.J., and Kilian J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap., M.A. 50 cents.

GEORGE L. RECORD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, Jersey City:
How to Abolish Poverty. By George L. Record. $1.00.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Mass.:
George Berkeley. By John Wild. $6.00.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington:
An Empirical Study of the Ideals of Adolescent Boys and Girls. By Sister Mary Ines Phelan, M.A. *The Catholic Church on the Kentucky Frontier (1785-1812).* By Sister Mary Ramona Mattingly, M.A. *Some General Canons of Literary Criticism Determined from an Analysis of Art.* By Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.PP.S.

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis:
Christ for the Nation! Radio Messages Broadcast in the Third Lutheran Hour. By Walter A. Maier, Ph.D. $1.50.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:
Therese Neumann of Konnersreuth. By C. E. Roy, D.D., Ph.D., and W. Joyce, P.P. $1.25.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSE BULLETIN, Cleveland:
Seventh National Eucharistic Congress, Cleveland, 1935. Official Record.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:
A Preface to Life. By Father James, O.M.Cap., M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D. $1.50.

THE PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING CO., San Francisco:
Life Is Too Short and Other Essays. By Albert R. Bandini.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:
Modern Thomistic Philosophy. By R. P. Phillips, D.D., M.A. Vol. II. 9 *s.*

THE FATHER MATTHEW RECORD OFFICE, Dublin:
African Adventure. By Father James, O.M.Cap., Ph.D., M.A., D.Litt. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

EDITIONS UNIVERSELLE, S.A., Paris:
Ecole Thérèsienne et problèmes mystiques contemporains. Par P. Gabriel de S. Marie-Madeleine, O.C.D. 12 *fr.*

ERNEST FLAMMARION, Paris:
Vie de Jésus. Par François Mauriac. 12 *fr. Le Souverain captif.* Par André Tardieu. 12 *fr.*

BERNARD GRASSET, Paris:
"Pax Nostra." Par Gaston Fessard. 18 *fr. L'Eglise et la musique.* Par A. Gastoué. 12 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Le Crucifix du Poète. Par Francis Jammes. 10 *fr. Le Cœur admirable de la Très Sacrée Mère de Dieu.* Œuvres choisies de St. Jean Eudes. VII. 25 *fr. La Compassion de Marie.* Par l'Abbé Francis Mugnier. 15 *fr.*